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★ This map is reproduced as the frontispiece of a descriptive folder of the West Country, which can be obtained free from the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept. (D.1) Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, 24

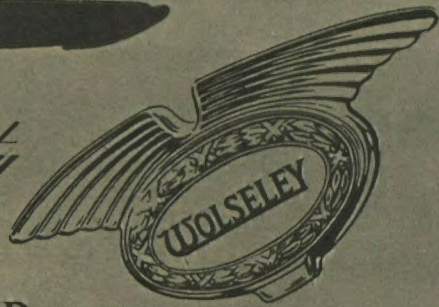
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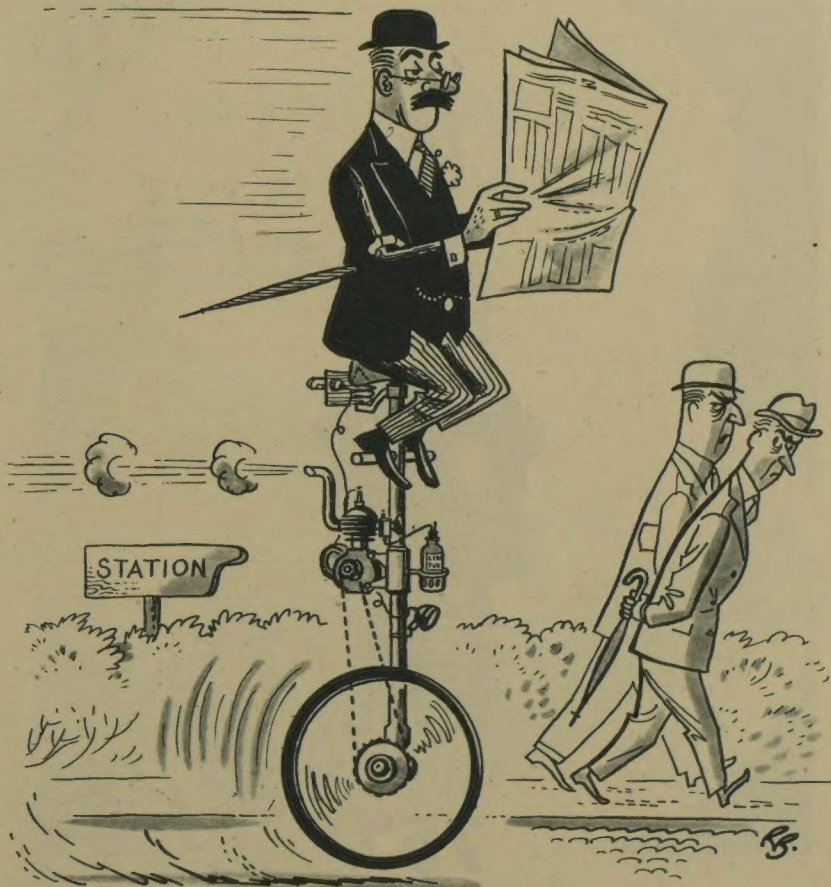


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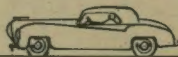
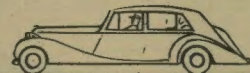
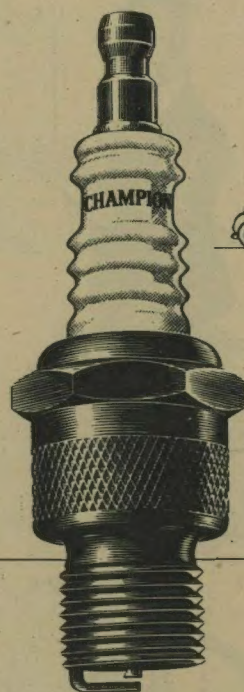
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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1951.



RELIEVED OF HIS COMMANDS IN THE FAR EAST: GENERAL OF THE ARMY MACARTHUR (RIGHT), SEEN WITH LIEUTENANT-GENERAL RIDGWAY, HIS SUCCESSOR, DURING A RECENT VISIT TO THE BATTLE FRONT IN KOREA.

President Truman announced on April 11 that General MacArthur had been relieved of his commands in the Far East. His successor, who took over immediately, as Commander of the United Nations and United States forces in the Far Eastern theatre, including Korea, is Lieut.-General Ridgway, Commander of the Eighth Army in Korea and formerly Deputy Army Chief of Staff. Soon after the dismissal was announced the White House published a series of documents purporting to show that General MacArthur had ignored

repeated warnings by the President about making political pronouncements. In his statement President Truman paid a tribute to General MacArthur and said that his "place in history as one of our greatest commanders is fully established. The nation owes him a debt of gratitude for the distinguished and exceptional service which he has rendered his country. . . ." President Truman's action in dismissing General MacArthur has started a political storm in the United States.

THE DISMISSAL OF GENERAL MACARTHUR BY MR.



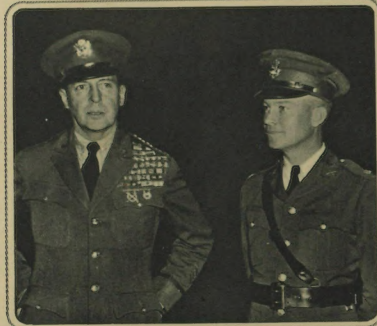
WEST POINT CADET, 1900: DOUGLAS MACARTHUR WITH HIS MOTHER, MRS. ARTHUR MACARTHUR. HE WAS GRADUATED TOP OF HIS CLASS IN 1903.



THE SOLDIER OF WORLD WAR I: BRIGADIER-GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, COMMANDER OF THE 84TH BRIGADE, DOUGLAS Mazing (RAINBOW) DIVISION, U.S. ARMY IN FRANCE.



THE GREAT PROCONSUL: GENERAL MACARTHUR (RIGHT), SUPREME COMMANDER ALL FORCES IN JAPAN IN 1945 AT A RECEPTION AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY IN TOKYO.



CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY FROM 1930 TO 1935: GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR (LEFT), WHO WAS THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN SOLDIER TO HOLD THAT POST; WITH EISENHOWER, THEN A MAJOR, OF WEST POINT.

ON April 11, President Truman announced that General of the Army Douglas MacArthur had been relieved of his commands in the Far East because "He is unable to give his whole-hearted support to the policies of the United States Government and of the United Nations in matters pertaining to his official duties," but added that the General's place in history "as one of our great commanders is assured." Apart from his legendary personal courage and genius as a military commander, Douglas MacArthur has

(Continued below.)



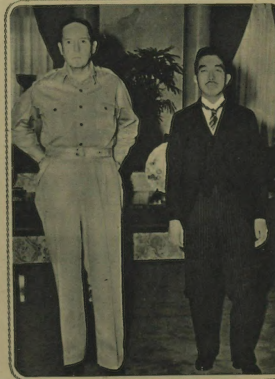
THE SUPREME COMMANDER ALL FORCES IN JAPAN MEETS THE THEN AMERICAN CHIEF OF STAFF: GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR AND GENERAL EISENHOWER IN 1945.



ACTING AS HOST TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW DUKE OF WINDSOR) IN 1920: GENERAL MACARTHUR, SUPERINTENDENT OF WEST POINT.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S CONFERENCE WITH GENERAL MACARTHUR (LEFT) AND GENERAL EISENHOWER (RIGHT) IN 1950. THE PRESIDENT FLEW OVER TO HOLD TALKS WITH HIM.



THE GREAT U.S. PROCONSUL WHO AIMED TO CREATE A NEW DEMOCRACY-LOVING JAPAN: GENERAL MACARTHUR WITH THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN IN 1945.

Continued.
proved a great Proconsul since his appointment in 1945 as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers in Japan. Whatever criticism may have been levelled at him for his handling of Japanese problems, the dismay shown by the Japanese at his departure indicates how deeply he has impressed them. He was born in 1880 a son of Lieut-General Arthur MacArthur, a Civil War veteran, who later became Chief of Staff and was first American Governor of the Philippines. He had a brilliant career at West Point, and was graduated at the top of his class in 1903.

His first post was Leyte, in the Philippines, and he was aide to his father when Observer at the Russo-Japanese War. Later he was twice Superintendent of West Point, twice he returned to the Philippines, and was appointed Chief of Staff in 1930. He became Director of National Defence, Commonwealth Government of the Philippines, and retired from the Army in 1937, but was recalled to assume the Far Eastern Command in 1941. In April 1942 he became Supreme Commander, South-West Pacific Area, and later the

TRUMAN: A GREAT U.S. COMMANDER AND PROCONSUL.



THE NEW CHIEF OF STAFF SWORN IN IN 1930: GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR (CENTRE) AT THE CEREMONY IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.



SIX MONTHS AFTER THE U.S. HAD ENTERED WORLD WAR I: MAJOR DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, WHO THEN HELD A CENSORSHIP JOB IN 1917.



ARRIVING IN MANILA IN 1935: GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, GENERAL EISENHOWER—THEN COLONEL—IS TO BE SEEN ON THE LEFT.



THE MARRIAGE OF GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR TO MISS JEAN FAIRCLOTH ON APRIL 30, 1937. THEY LEFT FOR MANILA AFTER THE CEREMONY.



FORMERLY MISS JEAN MARIE FAIRCLOTH: THE DEVOTED SECOND WIFE OF GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR. SHE IS NINETEEN YEARS YOUNGER THAN HER HUSBAND.



GENERAL MACARTHUR'S WIFE AND YOUNG SON ARTHUR, BORN IN MANILA THIRTEEN YEARS AGO. HE HAS NEVER AS YET VISITED THE UNITED STATES.



DECORATED BY GENERAL PERSHING IN WORLD WAR I. WITH THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS: DOUGLAS MACARTHUR IN 1918. HE WAS CITED SEVEN TIMES FOR VALOUR AND RECEIVED MANY DECORATIONS.



SIGNING THE DOCUMENT OF SURRENDER OF THE JAPANESE ON BOARD THE MISSOURI ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1945, ON BEHALF OF ALL THE UNITED NATIONS: GENERAL MACARTHUR WITH GENERAL A. PERCIVAL AND GENERAL MACARTHUR STANDING BEHIND HIM.

South Pacific Area was added to his command. The story of his conduct of the Korean war after his appointment as United Nations Commander-in-Chief is well known. He conducted the campaign brilliantly, under great difficulties, but his incursions into what Mr. Truman considered a political field caused embarrassments. The visit to Formosa and conference with General Chiang Kai-shek were disturbing to many, and some of his remarks in a letter to the American Veterans of Foreign Wars gave offence to India in particular.

Discussions on the question of the 38th Parallel took place. On March 24 the General suggested a conference with the enemy commander in Korea, and finally he wrote a letter to Mr. Martin, the Republican leader, in which he supported the use of the Nationalist Chinese force in Formosa. President Truman, in a broadcast on April 11, stressed that U.S. policy was to prevent war; the General has replied that he has meticulously complied with all directives received, and denied advocating war expansion.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TO revisit Oxford is always an adventure in time for me. I have known it so long, and it has changed for me so much and so little. I knew it first as an Edwardian city, still quiet with the leisure and scent of horse-drawn traffic and, except to the north, so near the fields and unsullied water-meadows as to be a country town. In the two Hinkseys, by Matthew Arnold's earlier and naturally more exacting measure, nothing was the same, yet, once past Folly Bridge, the reservoir and the railway-line, a lad could ramble into a still unravished and pastoral landscape of gently rounded fields, heavy elms and hedgerows full of dog-roses. Rural Oxfordshire began a mile or more below Summertown; North Marston was still as cradled in bucolic antiquity as Wood Eaton and Ambrosden. And there were no petrol fumes in the High, no industrial Cowley, no concrete-fronted twentieth-century shops. The spired, towered, domed city still lingered on—a relic of the age of cobbles and horse-dung. And there, oblivious of impending death on the Somme or a sur-taxed old age at the scullery-sink, were "the young barbarians all at play"—the *jeunesse dorée* of a rich, carefree age, in their tweeds, fine flannels and boaters, gods to my childish eyes, the apparent inheritors of a, for them, goodly earth of rod, dog and gun, Gaiety chorus and cigar-scented Piccadilly promenade.

That was my first Oxford, and I can still hear its quiet bells across the stately water-meadows. My second Oxford was a camp, not a campus: a place of bugle calls, drab uniforms and morning parades. Here, in a high, streaky-bacon, Betjemanic, goblin-market villa in the Banbury Road I studied, with patriotically-tempered boredom and distaste, the nobbly internals of Lewis and Vickers guns and the theory—a very different thing I was soon to discover to the practice—of military aeronautics. I lived in a sixteenth-century College, rowed in leisure hours in an eight on the Isis past emblazoned if rather shabby wartime collegiate barges, and enjoyed for a few strenuous weeks, in uniform, some of the delights of an undergraduate's life. But the supreme and, as I was to learn later, most essential delight was wholly lacking: liberty. She, the long-tressed nymph, I was to discover in the same place, most magically transformed, two years later, when, sudden victory on tired arms descending, I and my fortunate comrades were released into a still austere but infinitely welcome January England: free of every military restraint and obligation, heirs of victory and unassailable, eternal peace, young uncrowned lords of the Turf and "High" and of an Oxford that, it seemed, had been waiting and growing for us for six centuries. It was all ours: the grey quadrangles, the flowered gardens, the towers and domes; the learned men at their lectures and orisons; the gay lunches and suppers—when we could afford them—of salmon mayonnaise, ices and steaming chocolate sauce; the willow-shaded afternoons in Cherwell punt and canoe; the gala, parasolled visits in Eights Week and "Commem" of lightly-chaperoned, cousinly young ladies who opened, for romantic unreckoning hearts, vistas of eternal, breath-taking happiness; the endless talk and wit and glow of friendship while St. Mary's deep-tolled bell proclaimed to unheeding ears the midnight hours:

They say that in the unchanging place
Where all we loved is ever dear,
We meet our morning face to face
And find again our twentieth year.*

I wish it were so; perhaps, as the poet suggests, it is: at the moment it certainly seems a long way away.

* H. Belloc: Collected Poems, "The Republican"

That Oxford lasted for me less than two years. Foolishly, or perhaps, wisely, I felt the spur of the lost war-years and impatiently wanted to storm the workaday world. I soon found myself in it, and the Oxford of the young released captains who had so gaily thrown their Sam Brownes over the moon became only a precious memory. Then a few years later I returned to the magical city, trundling in an aged motor-car every few weeks out of the elmy, clayey North Buckinghamshire plain along a still winding Bicester highroad, and past the rising horrors of an already doomed suburban Kidlington, on my way to Extension lecture or shopping expedition. I was now Benedict, the married man, making my little niche in

profession and home, a supernumerary of one of Oxfordshire's neighbour agricultural shires, a man with his foot more in the soil than in the college, his mind more set on teaching than on learning. Yet all the while, during the fifteen years of peace when North Buckinghamshire was my home, Oxford remained an essential part of my background—sometimes prosaic and associated with crowded business, sometimes romantic and idyllic, always, when one had time to let one's mind and heart assimilate what one's eyes saw, indescribably lovely, despite the ever-growing industrial encroachments on the peace and dignity of its historic streets and on the green, willowy beauty of its surrounding countryside. Once the two currents mingled when I produced a pageant in front of the lake in the park of Worcester College with a cast composed of men and women drawn from almost every village in Oxfordshire, looking in their mediæval dresses against the grey stone of Oxford's narrow streets, incredibly like their prototypes and ancestors of five centuries before. One experience, a new one, was added in those years to my Oxford associations: the quiet delight of working long, peaceful hours in Duke Humphrey's beautiful library, looking down, whenever I glanced up from my desk from the seventeenth-century manuscripts before me, on the garden of Exeter College and, sometimes, on sunlit summer afternoons, on the dons of that blessed institution having tea in a green shade, Chaucerian Mr. Coghill, I like to think, among them. I was so happy up there among the oaken shelves, with my dusty, sere-coloured letters linking me with the flesh-and-blood of the English past, that I did not even want to come down, on the hottest, thirstiest afternoon, and join them.

Those were days of peace. Then, for the second time in my life, I became familiar with Oxford in wartime, lecturing to audiences of soldiers and airmen gathered together in colleges where, a quarter of a century earlier, I had been one of them, and forcing my way, in the course of hurried visits, through drab streets out of which all beauty and dignity seemed to have been ruthlessly drained, filled with shabby, grey-faced, shambling evacuees. There were times, long times, when it seemed that Oxford could never

again become what it had once been, and that it must remain for ever an unhappy, congested suburb of a vast, amorphous, industrial Cowley. Yet Oxford's power of survival was greater than I had supposed, and I have since lived to see it, Cowley and crowded "High" notwithstanding, "still steeped in sentiment . . . spreading her gardens to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." And it is Matthew Arnold's Oxford, I feel, that still has the last word, as it has had with so many generations before. "Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?"

THE NEW EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER IN KOREA.



APPOINTED TO SUCCEED LIEUT.-GENERAL RIDGWAY, WHO NOW REPLACES GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR AS C.-IN-C. UNITED NATIONS COMMAND: LIEUT.-GENERAL JAMES ALWARD VAN FLEET. On April 11, Mr. Truman announced that Lieut.-General Matthew Ridgway, Commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, and formerly Deputy Army Chief of Staff, would take over all General MacArthur's commands in the Far East and become immediately Commander-in-Chief United Nations and United States Forces in the Far East. General Ridgway is succeeded as Commander of the Eighth Army by Lieut.-General James Alward Van Fleet. General Van Fleet, who was born in 1892, was promoted through grades to Major-General in 1944. He was Chief of the U.S. Military Mission in Greece until last May, when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Second Army, with headquarters in Maryland. He was on leave in Florida when the news of his new appointment reached him, and came straight to Washington on April 11. He was expected to leave for the Far East the same evening. His experiences in Greece will, no doubt, have given him great insight into the difficulties of dealing with Communist forces supplied from secure bases in other countries, and as early as 1916 he also saw a somewhat similar situation when serving on the Mexican border with the 3rd Infantry. He is a soldier of great distinction, and has been awarded many U.S. and foreign medals and decorations, including the D.S.O., the Légion d'Honneur, Croix de Guerre avec Palme (France) and Croix de Guerre avec Palme (Belgium).

THE RETURN OF THE STONE OF SCONE: SCENES IN ARBROATH ABBEY AND GLASGOW.



WHERE ROBERT THE BRUCE SIGNED THE SCOTTISH DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN 1320: TWELFTH-CENTURY ARBROATH ABBEY, WHERE THE STONE OF SCONE WAS DEPOSITED.



CARRYING THE STONE OF SCONE FROM THE HIGH ALTAR TO A POLICE CAR: POLICE AND ASSISTANTS IN ARBROATH ABBEY.

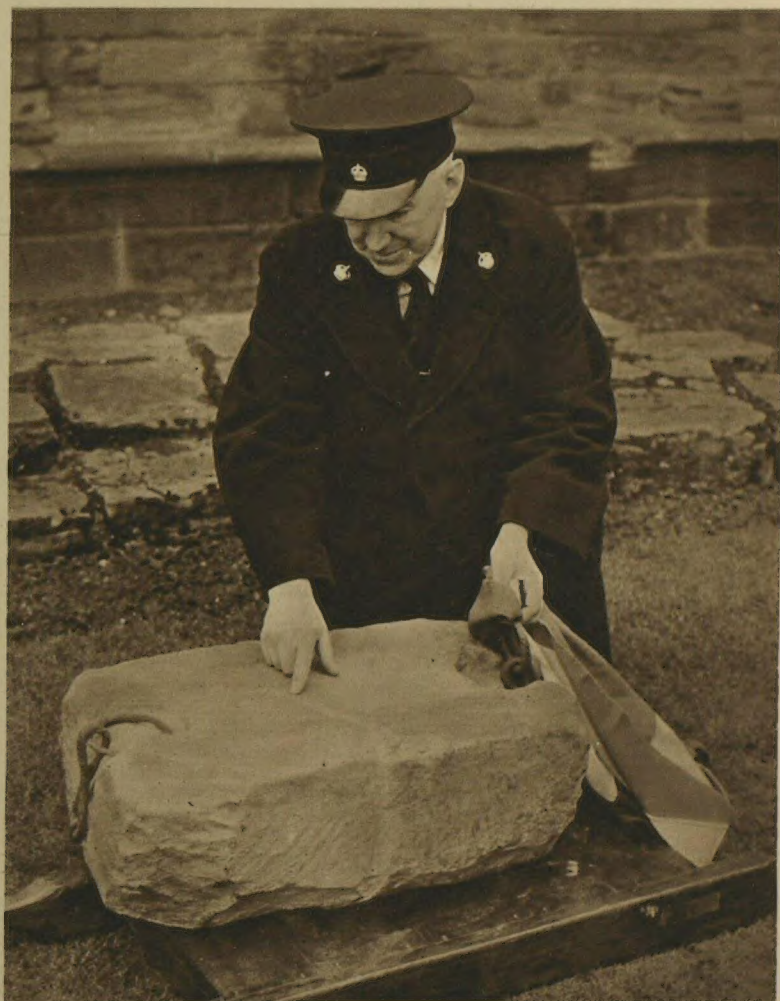


THE STONE OF SCONE IN SAFE CUSTODY: A SHOOTING-BRAKE CONTAINING THE STONE BEING DRIVEN INTO THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION IN GLASGOW ON APRIL 12.

The Stone of Scone—or the Stone of Destiny—which was taken from Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, was laid inside Arbroath Abbey, Angus, on April 11. Three men, who arrived by car, carried it to the high altar and placed it, draped in a St. Andrew's flag, close to the Tomb of King William the Lion. It was left only a few yards from the spot where the signing of the



DRAPED WITH THE BLUE-AND-WHITE FLAG OF ST. ANDREW: THE STONE OF SCONE LYING AT THE BASE OF THE HIGH ALTAR, WHERE KING WILLIAM THE LION OF SCOTLAND LIES BURIED IN ARBROATH ABBEY.



POINTING OUT THE CRACK—NOT MADE RECENTLY—IN THE STONE OF SCONE: MR. JAMES WISHART, THE CUSTODIAN OF ARBROATH ABBEY.

Scottish Declaration of Independence in 1320 is re-enacted in the Arbroath Abbey Pageant every summer. The men left two letters on the Stone, one addressed to the King and the other to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Stone was later taken to Forfar police office and removed from there, under strong police guard, to Glasgow, where it was confirmed that the Stone was that removed from Westminster Abbey. Questions about the Stone of Scone were asked in the House of Commons on April 12, and Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, said that it was an ordinary matter for the police between the two countries of England and Scotland, as well as internally in either country, for property that had been stolen to be transferred to the police of the area in which it was stolen. On Friday, April 13, the Stone of Destiny left Scotland for the second time in over 600 years when it left Glasgow for London by car with a police escort.



THE COMMONS LEARN HOW THE CHANCELLOR PLANS TO MEET OUR DEFENCE DEMANDS; MR. GAITSKELL

On April 10 a crowded House of Commons heard Mr. Gaitskell, youngest Chancellor of the Exchequer of modern times, introduce his anxiously awaited Budget, and, in a speech of some 2½ hours, expound with lucid fluency how he plans to distribute the burdens which this country must bear to provide for the needs of our massive defence programme in a period of rising prices and world shortages. Our Special Artist, who was present in the Chamber, has depicted the scene as it appeared from the crowded Bar of the House. As

the Commons go into Committee of Ways and Means to hear the Budget provisions, Major Milner, Chairman of Committees, is in the chair and occupies the Clerk's chair on the right-hand side of the Speaker's chair, which is vacant. He is, however, obscured by the figure of the Chancellor. Mr. Gaitskell is shown facing the House, the famous Dispatch Box on the table beside him, open, with the thrown-back lid visible. Mr. Aneurin Bevan is standing in the left background. His disapproval of the proposals for

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



INTRODUCING HIS FIRST BUDGET ON APRIL 10, THE SCENE VIEWED FROM THE BAR OF THE CHAMBER.

charges for spectacles and dentures under the National Health Service may be inferred from his sombre expression. On the Government Front Bench (left) Dr. Dalton is seen with his arm over the back of the seat, next to Mr. Ernest Bevin, who had Mr. Morrison and Mr. Chuter Ede seated on his right. On the Opposition Front Bench (right) Mr. Churchill is seated between Mr. Eden (left) and Mr. Butler (right), with Mr. Ascheton next to the last-named. Lady Megan Lloyd George may be discerned amid the ranks of the Liberals

on the right in the second row, and the figure shown prominently in the foreground is that of Mr. Stokes, Minister of Works. The importance of the occasion was perhaps reflected by the number of top-hats worn by members of the Opposition. The Mace, it should be observed, is placed below the table, not on it, as the House is in Committee, not in Session. Mr. Churchill, with courteous generosity, complimented Mr. Gaitskell and referred to the Budget as an objective and honest attempt to solve the problems set before him.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN the past, those who have kept a watch upon the relations between this country and the Western German Republic have complained often enough of alleged deficiencies in British policy. To-day the complaint is more serious. It amounts, in effect, to the reproach that no British policy exists. The long illness of the late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs would provide one explanation of this weakness, but it is only a partial explanation. A combination of neglect, uncertainty, lack of understanding and, in many cases, the employment of indifferent human tools, has long been prevalent in our dealings with Western Germany. The vicious effects have grown rapidly worse, not so much because Mr. Bevin was to a great extent out of action for some time before his retirement from the Foreign Office as because the Republic has been advancing along the path of freedom with little or no attempt on our part to catch up with the development. In earlier times, weakness and error could be partially concealed, though even then they were clear to the eyes of those Germans most closely concerned. Now it is, or should be, no longer a matter of administration and control. Our present relations with Bonn have become a matter of high policy. Weakness and error there may be fatal. Some think that irreparable damage has already been done.

To-day the Republic itself has a foreign policy of a limited kind, an attribute which did not exist while the full controls remained in force. Its economic life has to a great extent been entrusted to its own administration. It is being urged to produce more goods, including some which come under the head of warlike material. Discussions have for some time been in progress on the subject of arming it for its own defence. Its governmental machinery is still modest in extent, but almost week by week its work and responsibilities are growing. The Government has a difficult path to tread. Its internal position is not a very strong one. Its people are not united over a principle as broad and simple as that of self-defence. The Chancellor may have some good subordinates, but all observers are agreed that an undue weight rests upon his old shoulders even as regards internal affairs, and that this is increased by the calls continually made upon his time by representatives of the occupying Powers, often over petty affairs. He and his henchmen are constantly being lectured. Perhaps this is necessary; perhaps they deserve it. At least, however, the lectures should be delivered by those who know their subject more or less as well as the lectured, and unfortunately this is seldom the case.

The position of Western Germany has changed radically, but the British machinery remains almost unchanged. It is true that the number of British officials has been reduced—it should be further cut down in the near future—but a large number of men in higher positions are those who worked the controls when these were all-powerful. In most instances the original functions of these administrators have come to an end and their present functions are ill-defined. One cannot altogether blame them; one can say no more than that they are human, if they interfere on the lines of their earlier duties; but now the interference produces no benefits and wastes time and tempers. I am not speaking as a German advocate. I am prepared to listen to arguments, if there are any prepared to advance them, that some of the controls which have been lifted ought to have been retained. Here, however, we do neither one thing nor the other. We cling, not through policy but from mere inaction, to methods of dealing with Western Germany after they have ceased to be related to realities which we ourselves have assisted to create.

British prestige, once high in Western Germany, has dropped of late. The shiftless in that country often comes in for sharper criticism than the tyrannical.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITAIN AND WESTERN GERMANY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

This is not to say that the prestige of our partners in occupation has gone soaring upwards at our expense. The Americans owe theirs, which is higher than ours to-day, rather to their resources than to their wisdom. The American vices are typical and to be observed at home as well as abroad. They bear no resemblance to those displayed by us. On the contrary, American policy is full of determination and bustle. It is, however, unsteady. The American mind moves quickly and is constantly wrestling with new factors and new remedies for ills. As each fresh one comes to the fore the last is forgotten, though sometimes it is found later on in some pigeon-hole, taken out, dusted, and restored to popularity. If we never do anything, the Americans are always doing something, sometimes intelligently; but at any given time it is impossible to foresee what they will be doing, until the order of the day has been announced. When the various policies, which have never been given a fair run, fail to produce results, they say: "We feel frustrated!" Frustration is endemic among United States officials in foreign lands.

French policy in Germany is both active and consistent; it falls into neither of the pits in which the policies of Britain and the United States are

backing of associates. There is now a new hand at the British Foreign Office, and unfamiliarity with the German problem may prove a positive benefit, since it should permit the scene to be reviewed without prejudice or preconception. The first measure required is the setting up of a machinery which takes account of the new position of Western Germany and the removal of elements which were created when it was completely subservient to the occupying Powers. These elements have proved themselves inapplicable to the present position, and are never likely to adapt themselves to it. While they remain they are not merely unhelpful, but actually harmful. A new deal for Germany is the first need and should not be difficult to initiate.

The next step, I suggest, should be a restoration of the close association which formerly existed between British and American officials, when they worked together in the same buildings and even in the same rooms. It would be easier to manage than it was formerly if the numbers of both were drastically reduced, as they should be. When numbers are excessive in relation to functions conscientious men make work, whereby they become a nuisance, and the more conscientious they are the worse the nuisance. This Anglo-American collaboration was fruitful. It would be easy to parody it. The Briton worked like a slave at a littered table; the American did the thinking with his feet on the mantelpiece and his chair balanced on its back legs, and if one called in search of information pointed silently with his cigar to the tired creature at the table; every now and then he hurried forth, entered a large Cadillac, and whizzed off

into the countryside on some mysterious mission. Every now and then he got frustrated. Nonetheless, it may fairly be said, that for intelligence, honesty, and ability, history records no parallel to this partnership. I presume the late High Commissioner had good reasons for bringing it to an end, but its value has only become apparent since it has ceased to be.

It is to be noted that the problem of British relations with Western Germany is not wholly dependent upon the present grave tension with regard to the possible designs of Soviet Russia. If this tension were to ease, the clock of German progress towards a normal situation could not be set back. Six



"... IT IS NOT PRACTICALLY POSSIBLE FOR NATIONS SUCH AS BRITAIN, THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE TO CONTINUE TO HOLD A DEFEATED NATION IN SUBJUGATION FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD": THE ALLIED HIGH COMMISSIONERS WITH THE GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR AND MINISTER OF ECONOMIC AFFAIRS. (FROM L. TO R.) MR. JOHN J. MCCLOY (U.S.); DR. LUDWIG ERHARD; SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK (U.K.); DR. CONRAD ADENAUER (CHANCELLOR); AND M. ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS-PONCET (FRANCE).

In the article on this page Professor Cyril Falls discusses Britain's relations with Western Germany, and here we show the three Allied High Commissioners with the German Federal Chancellor, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick succeeded General Sir Brian Robertson as United Kingdom High Commissioner in Germany last year. He had been Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the German section of the Foreign Office since 1948.

floundering. Yet, whereas those of the two last-named are reasonably honest, it is a matter for doubt whether the same compliment can be paid to that of France. It is deeply tinged with the dye of French home politics. High importance is attributed to avoidance of any move which might annoy the Left Wing of the combinations forming successive French Governments. It is comprehensible that the French should look upon German rearmament from a different point of view to that of the British, just as the British regard it with greater caution than the Americans; but there seems no good reason why French policy should so often be subterranean, while those of the other two are at least on the surface. It appears to be the object of the French to ensure that the military policy of the defence of the West should be rigidly centred upon Paris and that the Germans should be as far as possible kept out of it, even though this should involve inability to make use of invaluable German experience. It involves worse disadvantages than this, because Western Germany stands in greater peril even than France and a larger proportion of its population remains uncertain whether or not resistance to aggression would pay.

I suggested at the beginning of this article that some observers consider the damage already done to be beyond repair. It may be that certain mistakes can no longer be remedied, but this is not to say that reform is too late, as the pessimists are inclined to think. It is often easier for a new hand to carry out a deep and radical reorganisation than it is for one who has become accustomed to working on long-established lines and with an accustomed

years have now passed since the end of hostilities with Germany, and it is not practically possible for nations such as Britain, the United States and France to continue to hold a defeated nation in subjugation for an indefinite period. They may take precautions, but even these cannot be permanent; after a time the only feasible precaution will be a strong and consistent policy, which was sadly lacking in the years before the Second World War. The way is not going to be easy. There is always to be faced the possibility of a Western German Government which will be much more difficult to deal with than that of Dr. Adenauer. This is a long-term consideration. To-day it is urgently necessary to get something done at once before the muddle becomes too tangled for treatment. Let us get on with the work which lies immediately before us.

The record of Britain in Germany is not a bad one. Apart from what has been achieved in Western Germany, it includes the splendid and successful effort made during the Berlin blockade. In Western Germany, however, it has for some time been deteriorating. It has now reached a level which it may be hoped will prove to be its nadir. We have been virtually standing still while the world about us has been moving on upon its course. Our credit, to begin with the highest of the occupying Powers, has sunk deplorably. The coat has become too old and worn for patching. We need a new one, cut in the present style. Intelligent observers, official and unofficial, British and German, almost all take this view, which is confirmed from responsible German sources. The task of reform takes as high a place as any in the international field to-day.

THE DISMISSAL OF GENERAL MACARTHUR: SCENES IN JAPAN, AMERICA AND GERMANY.



A SILENT PROTEST OVER THE DISMISSAL BY PRESIDENT TRUMAN OF GENERAL MACARTHUR: FLAGS FLYING AT HALF-MAST OUTSIDE SHOPS IN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.



GENERAL MACARTHUR LEAVES JAPAN: THE SCENE AT THE HANEDA AIRPORT ON APRIL 16, SHOWING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF U.S. ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE AND BRITISH COMMONWEALTH UNITS SALUTING THE OUTGOING COMMANDER. (Photograph by Radio.)



"WELL, I'LL BE DARNED": GENERAL EISENHOWER EXPRESSES SURPRISE WHEN INFORMED THAT GENERAL MACARTHUR HAD BEEN DEPRIVED OF HIS COMMANDS.



POPULAR SYMPATHY WITH MACARTHUR: THE FLAG OUTSIDE THE GENERAL'S BIRTHPLACE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, LOWERED TO HALF-MAST ON APRIL 11.



THE CHIEF OF GENERAL MACARTHUR'S GOVERNMENT SECTION WHO ASKED TO BE RETIRED FROM ACTIVE DUTY: MAJOR-GENERAL COURTNEY WHITNEY.



RETURNING TO HIS HEADQUARTERS IN THE DAI ICHI BUILDING IN TOKYO AFTER LEARNING OF HIS DISMISSAL FROM HIS COMMANDS: GENERAL MACARTHUR ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTES OF HIS GUARDS.



ENTERING HIS HEADQUARTERS IN TOKYO FOR THE LAST TIME: GENERAL MACARTHUR WEARING A GRIM EXPRESSION AS HE RETURNS FROM THE LUNCHEON AT WHICH HE RECEIVED NOTICE OF HIS DISMISSAL.

Elsewhere in this issue we describe the events of April 11, when General of the Army Douglas MacArthur received notice from President Truman that he had been dismissed from his commands and, in a series of photographs, show the General at various stages of his long and illustrious career. Here we show some reactions to the news of the dismissal in America and in Western Germany, where General Eisenhower was informed of President Truman's decision while watching French troops on manoeuvres—his comment was

reported to be "Well, I'll be darned"—and the closing scenes in Tokyo. General MacArthur, who is to appear before Congress, left Japan on April 16 in his aircraft *Bataan* from Haneda Airport, where a guard of honour was mounted by units of the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force and British Commonwealth troops. The streets were lined by bowing Japanese, gathered to do honour to "the Supreme Commander who came into Japan with the surrender and who departs on the eve of the peace treaty."

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF SOIL CULTIVATION.

"ENGLISH HUSBANDRY"; By ROBERT TROW-SMITH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE contents of Mr. Trow-Smith's work on British agriculture are unusually varied. It began, he says, "as an examination of the growth of the practices of English husbandry. But the wonder of John Barleycorn refused to be kept out; and writing had not progressed far before it also became obvious that the story could not be wholly divorced from the economic background. And the techniques and the economics together led straight into the immense field of rural social development." The effect is that of several specialist books cunningly knit together. I do not know if Mr. Trow-Smith practises

conveniently removed and, without such stimulus, "will English farming again become a rudderless and sinking ship in a sea of foreign produce flooding the nation's shops and mills at the behest of the urban voter and his cry of cheap food?" As a rule, when history repeats itself nobody listens; but it may be that there are circumstances to-day that militate against the former quick obliviousness of experience. After the "War to End War" there was a general belief that "It Couldn't Happen Again"; that we had been within six weeks of starvation owing to war was brushed aside as an unpleasant memory; it was the first time that it had happened and it wasn't likely to happen again. To-day not only have we had a similar experience, but we are acutely aware of the fact that another crisis may face us, and without any twenty years interval. The possibility of another World War is daily held before our eyes, and the continuance of rationing is an uncomfortable reminder of the historic predicament into which we were plunged by a too wholesale dose of the Industrial Revolution for this small island to swallow with safety.

It is no use complaining about the past which can't be altered: but if we make the old mistakes again it may not be forgiven us. Centuries ago Halifax the Trimmer,

day: for myself, having merely prejudices in relation to the matter, I am not entitled to express an opinion.

About the history of various sorts of "muck" there is a good deal here. We are reminded, amongst other things, that attention was first attracted to the merits of "guano" by that versatile genius Sir Humphry Davy, who, in his spare moments, invented the safety-lamp for miners and wrote a book about fly-fishing. He flourished in the early nineteenth century, which also saw the foundation of various agricultural clubs, culminating in the Royal Agricultural Society of England, which was the child of that Lord Spencer who, as Lord Althorp, was one of Mr. Gaitskell's predecessors as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Whether if a visitor called at Downing Street now he would be told by the butler: "You've come about cows; so you'll not have to wait long," I doubt. Before he reaches the nineteenth century Mr. Trow-Smith is very informative about that period of great progress, the eighteenth century, when scientific stock-breeding developed so rapidly and "Turnip" Townshend and Coke made their great improvements in Norfolk—Coke on an estate which, before he took it in hand, was kindly described by Lady Townshend as "one blade of grass and two rabbits fighting for that." And through all the former centuries of British farming history Mr. Trow-Smith takes us, tracing developments in practice, crops, implements. His first photograph is of "Square 'Celtic' fields underlying the grass and scrub of the Downs behind Shoreham": one of his latest is of a mass milking-machine in Windsor Great Park. So far as his space allows he certainly covers the ground.

Where and when does he begin? He suggests that it was about 8000 years ago that, in some corner, archaic man first thought of controlling livestock and cereals. It is a very short time in the history of the race. People commonly talk of this era as "The Age of Speed"; but when one thinks of the hundreds of thousands of years during which man was apparently content to hunt, fish, collect wild grasses and grub for wild roots, we might well call the last 8000 years the Age of Speed. Pre-history is gradually altering our proportions. So far as Britain is concerned, agriculture seems to have reached it at about 2400 B.C. The island was quite easily self-supporting. The author states (I must take the figure on trust, not



ONE OF THE EARLIEST REMAINS OF AGRICULTURAL MAN IN ENGLAND: A PREHISTORIC CATTLE KRAAL NEAR CHAGFORD, ON DARTMOOR.

mixed farming; but he certainly has a faculty for mixed writing.

By the time the end of the book is reached we are in the midst of present doubts and anxieties. The author has had a sad tale to tell—in spite of many mechanical and other improvements—of modern times. "By about 1870 the products of the land mining of the Mid-Western States of America were beginning to reach British shores; and the British farmer was swept into the flood which rushed through the gates of Free Trade, thrown open in accordance with the urban gospel of cheap bread at any cost. One degradation only was left, the imposition of a town-made education and of an urban outlook upon the child of the countryside. Between 1875 and 1884 the wheat acreage fell by one million acres and the land tumbled down to grass; but the new pastures could not be profitably stocked, for frozen meat that was beginning to pour in from South America, Australia and New Zealand swept the economic ground from beneath the feet of the stock-keeper. Henceforth for nearly seventy years and with one brief interval British farming was to be an unwanted creature, wandering in an economic maze which yearly became more tortuous and impossible of escape, and the exit to which not even agriculture's few friends knew." There were reliefs to the picture: dairy-men made a living and pedigree stock-breeders prospered. But "those who were irretrievably tied to high farming went under—the Romsey Kings who in the middle of the century had made vast profits out of corn and sheep disappeared through the bankruptcy court door one by one; the strong Midland wheat lands became rabbit runs that no one would buy even for £10 an acre; and a typical Wiltshire Down farm of 700 acres that had sold in 1812 for £27,000 when it was profitable to plough the downs for corn, made only £7,000 in 1892 after it had fallen back to 'bake' grass."

The "one bright interval" was the period of the Kaiser's War. I notice that an M.P. has just stated in the House of Commons that what is needed for the health of the industry is "a few healthy bankruptcies." Thus soon is the effect of a few healthy submarines forgotten by a certain section of the population. After the First War the farmer was conveniently scrapped: the view taken of him was the old view of the soldier recorded by Kipling: "Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy go away, But it's 'Thank you Mister Atkins,' when the bands begin to play." Will the new security of the farmer be swept away after this war as it was in 1921, and will the need for those few healthy bankruptcies be



THE OLD LANCASHIRE HOG, OR TONKEY, OF 1795; TRADITIONALLY A CROSS BETWEEN THE CHINESE BREED AND THE ENGLISH WILD BOAR.

that wise and patriotic man, exhorted us to "Look to our Moat," in days when we at least fed ourselves and invasion was the one major risk. To-day the moat has to be guarded for a second reason: it is not only a barrier but an essential channel, while we must "Look to the Land" as sedulously as we look to the Moat. And if we must do everything we can to sustain our farmers (even at the risk of sneers about keeping them on featherbeds), there is no reason why we should not at the same time encourage them, as Mr. Trow-Smith freely asserts, to modernise their methods of cultivation and breeding—though it is better that they should receive their advice from people who do know a heifer from a steer and an ear of oats from an ear of barley. And there isn't agreement on all aspects of "modernisation." Mr. Trow-Smith is extremely non-committal about the bitter controversy between the advocates of chemical fertilisers and the members of the dung and compost school: he virtually says "Not proven so far" about the case. It isn't really so modern a debate as all that. I have a volume of 1843, elegantly entitled "The Muck Manual," which contains scores of pages discussing superphosphates and the rest of them: though at that time, I believe, that chemical manure was usually mixed with animal. The argument must surely come to a conclusion some



AN EARLY ESSAY IN MECHANISED THRESHING: HARDING'S DRUM AT HORNCURCH, ESSEX, WITH CONTROLS FOR DISENGAGING THE SHEAF AND FOR DISCONNECTING THE HORSE DRIVE. (From Young's "Essex Survey," 1807.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "English Husbandry"; by Courtesy of the publishers, Faber and Faber.

knowing what sort of Census Enumerators have arrived at it) that "in Palaeolithic days the population of the British Isles probably numbered less than four hundred bodies." That population is rather sparser than would seem necessary to the severest hermit. But perhaps we should not be utterly dependent on anti-submarine devices and bargains with General Perón were we, with the help of emigration or otherwise, to split the difference between 400 and 50,000,000—which is probably about what we shall prove to number in 1951, not counting Sir Ernest Benn.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 630 of this issue.

* "English Husbandry: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Robert Trow-Smith. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 18s.)

IN ENEMY KOREA: THE ROYAL MARINES IN A BRILLIANT COMMANDO RAID.



(ABOVE.) A DARING FEAT 200 MILES NORTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL: MEN OF THE 41ST ROYAL MARINE COMMANDO MINING THE TRACK OF A MAIN COMMUNIST RAIL SUPPLY LINE.



INSPECTING THE DAMAGE THEY HAD DONE: ROYAL MARINES EXAMINE THE PITS THEY HAD BLOWN IN 100 YARDS OF NORTH KOREAN RAILROAD, 8 MILES SOUTH OF SONGJIN.

ON April 7, during the lull in which it was believed that the Communists were building up north of the 38th Parallel, 250 Royal Marines of the 41st Marine Commando were put ashore on the east coast of North Korea, under the cover of a naval force led by the U.S. heavy cruiser *St. Paul*. The point at which they landed was about 200 miles north of the 38th Parallel, some 8 miles south of Songjin and 138 miles south of the Manchurian border. They were commanded by Lieut.-Colonel D. B. Drysdale, and their objective was to destroy a section of the railway which is one of the Communists' main supply lines from Manchuria. They encountered only token resistance, although being, as they learnt, only a few miles from two enemy divisions, and during the seven hours that they were ashore they destroyed 100 yards of the railway line, leaving a trough-like crater 16 ft. deep. They then withdrew without a single casualty.



THE BEGINNING OF A BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL RAID FAR BEHIND THE COMMUNIST LINES: ROYAL MARINES LANDING FROM AMTRACS, WITH U.S. SUPPORTING FIRE.



WHILE THE DEMOLITIONS WERE TAKING PLACE, THE ROYAL MARINES SET UP A DEFENCE PERIMETER OF WHICH THIS BROWNING MACHINE-GUN POST WAS PART. THE RAID LASTED SEVEN HOURS.



BEFORE THE CLIMAX: WHILE ONE MAN WATCHES, AND LISTENS ON HIS PORTABLE RADIO, ANOTHER CROUCHES TO FUSE ONE OF THE CHARGES WHICH BLEW UP THE LINE.

A GREAT LABOUR LEADER AND STATESMAN: MILESTONES IN ERNEST BEVIN'S CAREER.



"THE DOCKERS' K.C.," 1920: MR. ERNEST BEVIN, WHO PRESENTED WITH GREAT SKILL THE DOCKERS' CLAIMS FOR A MINIMUM WAGE ("THE DOCKERS' TANNER") AT THE TRANSPORT WORKERS' COURT OF INQUIRY; WITH MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (SEATED).



THE PUGNACIOUS, DETERMINED LABOUR LEADER, 1922: MR. ERNEST BEVIN, THEN GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION, A POST HE HELD FROM 1921 TO 1940, WITH MR. (NOW SIR) BEN SMITH (RIGHT) AND MR. CRAMP (LEFT).



THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, 1946: MR. ERNEST BEVIN, WITH MRS. BEVIN, IN NEW YORK, WHITHER HE HAD GONE AS A DELEGATE TO THE UNITED NATIONS.



THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY AT THE OPENING OF THE THREE-POWER CONFERENCE AT LANCASTER HOUSE, IN MAY, 1950: MR. ERNEST BEVIN, BETWEEN (LEFT) MR. DEAN ACHESON, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, AND M. SCHUMAN, FRENCH FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Mr. Ernest Bevin, Lord Privy Seal, and former Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died in London on April 14, after a heart attack, aged seventy. An outstanding figure in home and international politics, he was admired and loved by those who agreed with his views and by those who differed from him. Born in 1881, the son of an agricultural labourer, he worked as a boy in humble employment in Bristol, where he came in contact with Trades Unionism. He became secretary to a carmen's branch of the Dockers' Union, and his political career began. From 1910 to 1921 he was National Organiser of the Dockers' Union, and from 1921 to 1940 General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, which he built up into a powerful organisation. In 1920 he



ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. ERNEST BEVIN: THE FOREIGN SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE, LEAVING THEIR HOME IN LONDON FOR EASTBOURNE IN FEBRUARY, 1951, WHEN MR. BEVIN WAS CONVALESCENT AFTER HIS ILLNESS.

conducted the case for the dockers, against an eminent K.C., before a wages tribunal set up by the Government and won nearly all his demands. He helped to plan the General Strike of 1926, but later worked for industrial peace. In the hour of our country's greatest peril, Mr. Churchill invited him to become Minister of Labour and National Service in the Coalition Government, 1940, and he organised the manpower of the country in wartime with signal success. Mr. Bevin, who served on the Macmillan Committee on Finance, made a close study of international relations, both industrial and political, and when the Labour Party came into power he became Foreign Secretary, a post he held until failing health forced him to resign; and he then became Lord Privy Seal.



A GREAT AND VALIANT ENGLISHMAN WHOSE PASSING IS UNIVERSALLY AND DEEPLY MOURNED : MR. ERNEST BEVIN, LORD PRIVY SEAL, FORMER FOREIGN SECRETARY AND GREAT TRADES UNION ORGANISER.

The death of Mr. Ernest Bevin, Foreign Secretary from 1945-51 and Lord Privy Seal since March 10, 1951, is universally mourned. He held the great office of Foreign Secretary during a difficult period, and though the final judgment on the result of his conduct of affairs will be passed by historians in the future, all men now agree that the weight of the powerful personality of this "working-class John Bull" was invariably directed to achieving what he believed to be best for the world and for his country. The keynotes of his policy were honesty and frankness. He greatly hoped to make a firm and lasting agreement with Russia on European affairs, but when he found that the intransigence of the Soviet leaders rendered this impossible, he set himself to the creation of a close partnership

in Western Europe, and the organisation of Western Germany. His immediate acceptance of the Marshall Plan led to important results. The King and Queen, on hearing of Mr. Bevin's death, immediately expressed sympathy and regret; the Prime Minister, in a recorded broadcast, referred to him with deep emotional feeling as "a great champion of freedom and democracy"; Mr. Churchill said, "a valiant spirit has passed from us"; and Mr. Truman, Mr. Dean Acheson, Mr. St. Laurent, Mr. Menzies and M. Schuman all paid moving tributes to him, to his essentially English virtues and his political achievements. The Speaker on April 16 formally informed the House of his death. The cremation was arranged for April 18 and a memorial service is being held this week.

Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ALTHOUGH at one time and another in the past I have grown seven or eight different species of *Sisyrrinchium*, there are only three that I greatly like. The

rest just came my way, stayed for a while, and then, for no reason in particular, they passed out of my way, and I have never taken steps to retrieve them. They are pretty enough little things, and easy to grow, but as far as I am concerned they are rather "mere," and when garden space and time for gardening are limited, it is wise and necessary to concentrate on plants that one feels one simply must grow. But I will give brief descriptions of these innocents, which I fear I have rather damned with faint praise. Some people like them quite a lot, and I never actively disliked them.

Four of them grow like dwarf flag irises, with clumps of small, sword-shaped leaves arranged fanwise. *Sisyrrinchium angustifolium* has pale-blue flowers on 5- to 6-in. stems. A native of the eastern States of North America, it is found, too, apparently wild, but more probably a naturalised escape, on the west coast of Ireland. *Sisyrrinchium bellum* is a dwarf version of *angustifolium*, with rather larger pale-blue flowers. *Sisyrrinchium bermudiana* (not a false quantity—*bermudiana* is an old generic name) has the same habit of growth as the others, but reaches a height of a foot, with violet-mauve flowers. I must say that it looked attractive, in a quiet way, when I saw it growing wild in thin herbage in Bermuda. *Sisyrrinchium boreale* is about 6 ins. high, with pale, straw-yellow flowers. *Sisyrrinchium striatum* has the same iris-like habit, but its leaves are a foot high. Its flower-stems reach a couple of feet, with the flowers strung out upon the upper half. All these four species have the virtue of being easy to grow. They seed freely, and are usually willing to increase and colonise from seed. If seeds of any or all of these four *Sisyrrinchiums* happened my way, I would feel inclined to sow them broadcast over the Alpine hayfield that I am starting, to take their chance among the grass and the mixed meadow flowers, cranes-bills, columbines, anemones and the rest that are going into it.

The three *Sisyrrinchiums* that I really like greatly, *S. grandiflorum*, *S. filifolium* and *S. odoratissimum*, are very distinct from the four that I have described, especially in their leaves, which are round and rush-like, instead of flat and iris-like.

Sisyrrinchium grandiflorum, is a choice and attractive plant. Very early in spring it sends up clumps of fine green, rush-like leaves, 5 or 6 ins. high, above which, also in spring, come slender stems from which hang bell-shaped blossoms like delicate, purple satin snowdrops. There is a variety, *alba*, with bells of white satin. This lovely thing is perfectly hardy and quite easy to grow in any reasonable light loam in full sun, and it appreciates soil in which there is a fair proportion of peat or leaf-mould. The whole plant dies down, leaves and all, soon after flowering, retiring underground, to be no more seen until next spring. It is a plant for the rock garden, or for one of those small, special sunny beds which are reserved for dwarf, choice, spring bulbs, crocus species and the rest, and owing to its trick of lying dormant all summer, it should be carefully marked as a precaution against reckless weeding and work with the hand fork. *Sisyrrinchium grandiflorum* is sometimes described as having a running habit. This, I think, is an exaggeration. If it ran it would surely get somewhere, which it doesn't. It remains a concise, slowly increasing clump. In favourable seasons seeds are produced, which are easy to raise; or the clumps may be lifted, split up, and replanted as an easy means of increase. When I was in North-west America, I was given a variety of *S. grandiflorum* called "Garnet Nymph," with flowers of a fine tone of red. It grew and flowered with me for many years, but I never managed to increase it. Perhaps its rarity and beauty frightened me, so that I fussed it too much. It ended up a much-mourned war casualty. More recently I have heard rumours of other desirable colour forms which have been collected in the wild, and are being grown by American Alpine gardeners. *Sisyrrinchium grandiflorum* is known also, and more correctly in point of fact, as *S. douglasii*.

I first made the acquaintance of "Pale Maidens" in the library at Kew. Or perhaps I should say that

THE SISYRRINCHIUMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

I saw their portrait there, in a vast and sumptuously illustrated tome which I was consulting just before I



"PALE MAIDENS" OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS—"A FAVOURITE WILD FLOWER WITH THE ISLANDERS": *Sisyrrinchium filifolium*, "6 OR 9 INS. HIGH, WITH CLUMPS OF GREY, RATHER THAN GREEN, RUSH-LIKE LEAVES, AND PENDENT WHITE BELLS, LINED WITH VIOLET."
From a drawing by John Nash, R.A.



FORMERLY KNOWN AS *Sisyrrinchium odoratissimum*, BUT NOW NAMED *Symphyostemon narcisoides*, THIS SPECIES WAS COLLECTED BY MR. ELLIOTT IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN, ON ELIZABETH ISLAND. THE FLOWERS ARE WHITE OR CREAM, TRUMPET-SHAPED, ABOUT AN INCH IN LENGTH, AND STRONGLY FRAGRANT.
Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

went out to the Falkland Islands to collect plants in 1910. *Sisyrrinchium filifolium*, or "Pale Maidens," is a Falkland plant, and a favourite wild flower with the islanders. No wonder. It is a charming, delicate thing. Delicate in appearance, but not in constitution. A plant to stand up to the Falkland rain and perpetual wind must be tough indeed. In size and general habit it comes near *S. grandiflorum*, growing 6 or 9 ins. high, with clumps of grey, rather than green, rush-like leaves, and pendent white bells, lined with violet. They are fragrant with a fragrance which to me is slightly rank and unpleasant. I found "Pale Maidens" growing in rocky, peaty ground in the neighbourhood of Port Stanley, and managed to nurse home living plants of it. It proved a good garden plant, and I was soon able to increase it from seed and distribute it fairly widely for many years. In the end, however, greatly to my regret, the plant slipped through my fingers. Exactly when this happened, I do not know; but fairly recently I discovered that I no longer had it. The plant was in no way to blame, for it is not in the habit of passing out without apparent reason. Probably it was carelessness plus a plethora of pre-occupations on my part. I hope, however, to find someone in the Falklands willing to collect and send home a small supply of seeds.

When collecting in Chile I found in the neighbourhood of Concepcion a charming dwarf species of *Sisyrrinchium*, with soft, yellow flower, of good size. But it turned out a disappointment. Plants raised from seeds which I sent home proved tender, not only in the open air, but in a cold greenhouse. In the extreme south, however, in the Straits of Magellan, I found what I consider the finest of all the *Sisyrrinchiums*, *S. odoratissimum*, now, however, known as *Symphyostemon narcisoides*. My companion, Dr. Balfour Gourlay, and I stayed for some time in Punta Arenas (Magallanes), and from that centre made expeditions into Southern Patagonia, and across the Straits into the island of Tierra del Fuego. I decided, too, to have a look at Elizabeth Island, some miles down the Straits from Punta Arenas, for there I had been told grew wonderful colour forms of *Oxalis enneaphylla*. A British shipping company offered me the use of a tug for the day's expedition for £25. I said I'd think it over—and am still doing so. Then I approached a German shipping firm. Their proposition seemed strangely reasonable. They would put a tug at our disposal for the day. "And the cost?" I asked. That, I was assured, would be quite all right. There would be no charge. If I liked to take a bottle of whisky for the crew that would be more than generous, but they wouldn't dream of charging a solitary peso. Rather puzzled we accepted. Then we somehow got in contact with an elderly Greek gentleman who rented Elizabeth Island for sheep-farming, and learned that he would like to accompany us to see how his sheep were doing. We were not to think about refreshments for the crew. He would bring a luncheon-basket and all the liquor that could possibly be needed—and by heaven he did, including some astonishing Greek wine! After an early start, we landed on the island about noon, and had a sumptuous picnic lunch outside a shack that housed two resident shepherds. Then I explored the island from end to end, but not a solitary specimen of *Oxalis enneaphylla* did I see. But I came upon *Symphyostemon narcisoides*, which was new to me, and as I found later, new to cultivation, and was fortunate in not only seeing it in flower, but securing good seed as well. The plant grows about a foot high, forming small clumps of rush-like leaves, with erect, slender stems carrying white or cream-coloured flowers. In some forms they are self-coloured, but in others the petals are marked with delicate purple lines. About an inch in length, they are trumpet-shaped, and strongly fragrant. In cultivation it is easy to manage, flourishing in ordinary loam, and enjoying the addition of leaf-mould.

Symphyostemon narcisoides was rich reward for a very long day's expedition, even though we did not find the legendary *Oxalis*. I found a fine, deep-pink variety, *O. e. rubra*, later however, rather far south in Tierra del Fuego. The finances of our little sea voyage still remain a complete mystery.



ROYAL TOUR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER: THEIR MAJESTIES IN LANCASTER AND PRESTON.



LEAVING LANCASTER CASTLE FOR THE TOWN HALL, WHERE THE MAYOR MADE A NUMBER OF PRESENTATIONS: THE ROYAL CAR PASSING THROUGH CHEERING LANCASTRIANS ON APRIL 10.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE KEYS OF LANCASTER CASTLE TO HIS MAJESTY: LORD SEFTON, CONSTABLE OF THE CASTLE, WITH THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET, DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.



ADMIRING THE HUNDREDS OF ARMORIAL SHIELDS ADORNING THE WALLS IN THE SHIRE HALL (CONSTRUCTED BETWEEN 1793 AND 1798) IN LANCASTER CASTLE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DURING THE ROYAL PARTY'S TOUR OF THE CASTLE, WHERE QUARTER SESSIONS AND THE ASSIZES ARE HELD.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, arrived in Lancaster on April 10 for a two-day visit to the Duchy in connection with the 600th anniversary of the creation of the County Palatine. The Royal party was received by the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, Lord Derby, the Chancellor of the Duchy, Viscount Alexander of Hillsborough, and the Mayor, Councillor G. Chirnside, and drove to Lancaster Castle, where the Constable of the Castle, Lord Sefton, presented three historic keys to his Majesty—one had been presented to John of Gaunt in 1398, the second to Queen Elizabeth in 1588, and the third



ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE PEOPLE OF PRESTON: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN WITH PRINCESS MARGARET ON THE BALCONY AT PRESTON TOWN HALL, WITH THE MAYOR, ALDERMAN MATTHEW WILLIAMSON, ON APRIL 11.

to Queen Victoria in 1851. On leaving the Castle, the Royal party made a short tour of the city, and then proceeded to the Town Hall, where a municipal reception was held. In the afternoon their Majesties, with Princess Margaret, inspected farms on the Wyreside, Winmarleigh and Myerscough Estates of the Duchy. On April 11 the Royal party visited the Salwick Estate, and subsequently proceeded to Preston Town Hall, where presentations were made. After lunching with the Chairman and members of the Lancashire County Council at the County Offices, the Royal party left by train for London.

NEWS OF A LOST EXPLORER, AND OCCASIONS MILITARY AND SPORTING.



CAVALRY OF THE ARAB LEGION IN THE GREAT PARADE WHICH MARCHED PAST KING ABDULLAH AND MANY DISTINGUISHED GUESTS ON APRIL 11. THESE TROOPS GENERALLY ACT AS MOUNTED POLICE.



CLAIMED TO BE THE REMAINS OF COLONEL FAWCETT, THE BRITISH EXPLORER WHO VANISHED IN BRAZIL 25 YEARS AGO: SENHOR VILAS BOAS, WITH THE SKULL HE FOUND. In 1922, Colonel Fawcett, his son and Mr. Rimell, went to Brazil to explore the Matto Grosso and seek the remains of a legendary empire. They were last heard of in 1925. Recently Senhor Orlando Vilas Boas, one of the leaders of a Brazilian expedition, has claimed that Kalapalos Indians have admitted to killing the Colonel and have shown him where they buried him. The remains, which were discovered beside a lake, between the Kuluene and Tanurio Rivers, have been brought back.



THE GRADUATION PARADE AT CRANWELL, WHEN CADETS WERE REVIEWED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY A NAVAL OFFICER—ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD FRASER. On April 11, for the first time in the history of the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, the reviewing officer at the graduation parade was a senior naval officer, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, who presented the Sword of Honour to Flight Cadet Under-Officer J. A. Fryer; the King's Medal to Flight-Cadet Corporal R. Hollingworth; and the Medal of Honour to Flight Cadet Under-Officer J. A. Kelly.



PART OF THE ARAB LEGION'S ARMOURD-CAR REGIMENT AT THE GREAT PARADE AT AMMAN. JORDANIAN SOLDIERS HANDLE ARMOURD CARS WITH GREAT DASH.

On April 11 a parade of the Arab Legion marched past King Abdullah and the Arab Legion Chief of Staff at Amman airfield. There were more than 15,000 spectators and the military guests included General Sir Brian Robertson, C-in-C., Middle East Land Forces; Admiral Carney, C-in-C., U.S. Naval Forces in the East Atlantic and Mediterranean; and Air Marshal Sir John Baker, C-in-C., Middle East Air Force. The troops ranged from camellers to mobile artillerymen and armoured-car detachments, and the parade ended with aerobatics by jet fighter aircraft. King Abdullah (whose portrait in colour appears on the opposite page) presented medals to twenty members of the Legion.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER SHAKING HANDS WITH THE SCOTTISH F.A. TEAM BEFORE

THE MATCH AT WEMBLEY IN WHICH THEY DEFEATED ENGLAND BY 3 GOALS TO 2. On April 14 Scotland gained the Association Football Championship at Wembley by defeating the holders, England, by 3 goals to 2. After the first quarter of an hour England played with ten men, Mannion, the Middlesbrough inside forward, being carried off with a fractured cheek-bone and suspected fracture of the skull. Johnstone, Reilly and Liddell scored for Scotland, Hassall and Finney for England, in a hard-fought game.



"Z MEN" REPORT AT RICHMOND FOR CATTERICK CAMP—IN REHEARSAL ONLY: A RECENT PRACTICE OPERATION, WITH SOLDIERS DISGUISED AS CIVILIANS, TO TEST THE MACHINERY. In order to waste as little time as possible of the brief period of training for which "Z" reservists will be recalled this summer, the Army authorities at Catterick Camp, Yorks, have been rehearsing the process of intake down to the smallest detail. 450 soldiers, suitably disguised as civilians, went through the whole drill from arrival at the station to complete kitting and documentation.



A GREAT ARAB RULER WHOSE STAUNCH FRIENDSHIP FOR BRITAIN IS OF LONG STANDING:
HIS MAJESTY KING ABDULLAH OF THE HASHIMITE KINGDOM OF JORDAN.

King Abdullah Ibn Hussein, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., second son of the late King Hussein of the Hejaz, and elder brother of the late King Feisal of Iraq, was formerly the Emir of Transjordan. In 1946 Great Britain recognised Transjordan as a sovereign independent State, and in May of that year the Emir assumed the title of King. In the following June the name of the territory over which he rules was changed to the Hashimite Kingdom of Jordan, a title now in general use. Arab Palestine was formally incorporated in Jordan in April, 1950. King Abdullah has long been a staunch friend of Great Britain. In World War I. he was an instigator of the Arab revolt which, with the help of the British, led to the expulsion of the Ottoman Turks from the group of

Near East Arab countries. In World War II. his armies fought against the Vichy French in Syria and he helped to overthrow the pro-Nazi Government and forces of the usurper Rashid Ali in Iraq. King Abdullah is a natural leader and, as a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, he has immense personal and religious prestige among Muslims. His Kingdom, whose area is 34,750 square miles, is internally secure, its administration enlightened and progressive, and Communism has made little headway in Jordan. He is a great statesman, and is also a poet, and has few equals as a scholar of his ancient language. He plays chess with more than average skill, and is a fine judge of horseflesh.

Colour Photograph by Robert Young.



IN A FAMOUS ENGLISH COLLECTION OF FLOWERING CHERRIES: A DRIVE AT BERKENDEEN, WITH "KANZAN" (LEFT) AND A SINGLE TREE OF *PRUNUS SARGENTII* (RIGHT).



A CLOSE-UP OF THE INCREDIBLE RICHNESS OF "KANZAN'S" LARGE DOUBLE PINK BLOSSOMS AGAINST THE HIGH BLUE AND WHITE SKY OF SPRING.



TWO CONTRASTED VARIETIES OF THE JAPANESE FLOWERING CHERRY GROWING BESIDE THE GRANGE AT BERKENDEEN, IN KENT: (LEFT) "KANZAN" AND (RIGHT) "HOKUSAI"

IN Japan, ornamental cherries have been cultivated for their beauty from time immemorial, and double-flowered pink forms are known to have been in existence in that country for at least a thousand years. But because Japan was virtually closed to the outer world until 1854, it was not from there, but from China, that the first Oriental cherry reached England. This was in 1830. To Baron von Siebold must be given the credit of having introduced into Europe, some forty-five years later, the first two Japanese cherries. These were a lovely form of the so-called Spring Cherry and a pink-blossomed species subsequently named *Prunus sieboldii*, both of which are still being grown. When Captain Collingwood Ingram, in whose garden (The Grange, Berkendeen, Kent) our colour photographs were specially taken, started to make his collection of these trees in 1919, probably not more than a dozen varieties were in general cultivation in England. Since then, not only from their country of origin, but also from America and every other possible source, he has been steadily adding to this number until he now possesses over ninety forms of Japanese cherries alone. Apart from these, his collection contains many species gleaned from every part of the world in which the genus is known to occur. While all are lovely, in Captain Ingram's considered opinion none is more beautiful than the double variety of our native Gean—a tree which is now being sadly neglected for the more gaudy and flamboyant Oriental varieties. Most of the cherries planted in his garden and adjacent woodlands—and there are many hundreds of them—have now grown into life-sized trees which bear every spring an amazing wealth of blossom. Captain Ingram wishes us to say that he will welcome any overseas visitor who may care to visit his garden during the latter half of April or early May. We understand that his invitation applies especially to Americans, for it is from their country that he has derived many of his rarest specimens.



CHERRIES AT BERKENDEEN GROWING IN GRASSY RIDES—THE FITTEST SETTING FOR THIS LOVELY FLOWERING TREE. LEFT, NEAR THE CAMERA, THE VARIETY "ICHIO."

"LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY NOW IS HUNG WITH . . . ALONG THE BOUGH . . ." A. E. HOUSMAN, "A SHROPSHIRE LAD."



THE STATELY PAGEANTRY WHICH SURROUNDS AN ORDER OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY FOUNDED MORE THAN 600 YEARS AGO: THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

The annual service of the Most Noble Order of the Garter takes place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Chapel of the Order (constituted by Edward III. c. 1348), and presents a scene of pageantry unrivalled in splendour and historical association. This year it is fixed for May 9; last year it was held on April 27, and our photograph in colour gives some idea of the scene. The King, Sovereign of the Order, and the Queen, First Lady of the Order, are descending the Chapel steps after the Service. These steps are lined with a Guard of Honour of the Household Cavalry, while a

detachment of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard are on duty (backs to the camera). On the extreme right may be seen the Military Knights of Windsor, who are associated with the Order. The Knights Companions, the Officers of the Order and the Officers of Arms in mediæval tabards, add further splendour. The Order consists of the Sovereign and twenty-five Knights Companions, such lineal descendants of George I. as may have been elected, foreign sovereigns and extra Knights admitted by special statutes. Queen Mary and Princess Elizabeth are Ladies of the Order.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AFTER VISITING MR. ATTLEE: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, FOLLOWED BY MR. HAROLD WILSON (RIGHT).

After the Budget speech on April 10, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the Minister of Labour, went to see Mr. Attlee at St. Mary's Hospital, where the Prime Minister is undergoing treatment. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson, President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Bevan, who had threatened in a speech at Bermondsey that he would not remain a member of a Government that made charges for the patient under the Health Service, later said that he had decided not to resign.



SIR ARTHUR SALTER.

Held the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire for the Conservatives in the by-election on April 5 with a majority of 15,221. Sir Arthur polled 24,190 votes; Lieut.-Col. H. A. Kelly (Labour) 8969, and Mr. F. Barton (Ind. Lab.) 686. The by-election was caused by Sir Ronald Cross's appointment as Governor of Tasmania.



THE MAHARAJA OF BARODA.

It was announced on April 13 that the Government of India has deposed the Maharaja of Baroda by withdrawing its recognition of him. Instead it has recognised his eldest son, twenty-one-year-old Prince Fateh Singh, as the new ruler. The Maharaja was given a month in which he may appeal to the President.



SIR WALTER HANKINSON.

To be Ambassador to the Irish Republic in succession to Sir Gilbert Laithwaite. Sir Walter, who is fifty-six, has been British High Commissioner in Ceylon since 1948. From 1943-47 he was Deputy High Commissioner in Australia, and Acting High Commissioner from June 1945 to June 1946.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR CHARLES KING.

Appointed chairman and finance director of Festival Gardens, Ltd., the company formed to run the Battersea Park Pleasure Gardens, in succession to Sir Henry French, who resigned. Sir Charles, who is sixty, was Engineer-in-Chief, War Office, 1941-44. His new appointments do not carry any salary.



SIR CHARLES BRESSEY.

Died on April 14, aged seventy-seven. A well-known road engineer and a leading authority on road transport problems, he was the author of the report, published in 1938, on the highway needs of Greater London. He was chief engineer to the Ministry of Transport, 1921-28, and principal technical officer, 1928-35.



GENERAL SIR FRANK SIMPSON.

Appointed to succeed Admiral Sir Charles Daniel as Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, with effect from January 1, 1952. General Simpson, who is fifty-two, was Vice-C.I.G.S. from 1946-48. He will be succeeded as G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command by Lieut.-General Sir Cameron Nicholson.



EARL FORTESCUE.

Appointed by the King to be a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Born in 1888, he succeeded his father as fifth Earl in 1932. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst he entered the Army in 1907 and served in World War I. He was a Lord-in-Waiting, 1937-45; and Chief Opposition Whip in the House of Lords, 1945.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Appointed by the King to be a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Born in 1885, he was the third son of the fourth Duke of Wellington and succeeded his nephew as seventh Duke of Wellington in 1943. From 1944-49 he was Lord Lieutenant of the County of London.



LORD ALLENDALE.

Appointed by the King to be a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Born in 1890, he succeeded his father as second Viscount in 1923. He was a Lord-in-Waiting 1931-32 and since 1937. In 1949 he was appointed H.M. Lieutenant for the County of Northumberland.



THE OPEN SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPION: HASHIM KHAN, OF PAKISTAN (RIGHT), BEING CONGRATULATED BY MAHMOUD KARIM, OF EGYPT.

Hashim Khan, of Pakistan, won the open squash rackets championship on April 9 at the Lansdowne Club, London, when he beat Mahmoud Karim, of Egypt, the holder, by 9-5, 9-0, 9-0. Mahmoud Karim had held the title for four years. Hashim Khan was so fast that even when he had started at great speed in the wrong direction, he could still get back to reach the ball.



MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Died on April 12, aged eighty-eight. He was the author of more than fifty romantic novels and adventure stories. Many of his books were set against the background of the South Seas, including his best-known book "The Blue Lagoon." After qualifying as a doctor and being in general practice for some years he abandoned medicine and took to writing. He founded the Penguin Club for the study and protection of sea-bird life.



AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON: M. PHOLIEN, THE BELGIAN PRIME MINISTER, WITH MR. ACHESON (RIGHT).

M. Pholien, the Belgian Prime Minister, arrived in the United States by air on April 1 for a private ten-day visit. During his stay he met Mr. Truman and other members of the American Government. Our photograph shows him with the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, at the State Department on April 9. During his visit he saw Belgian airmen and infantry officers, who are studying new equipment.



AGROUND ON THE PENTLAND SKERRIES: THE SWEDISH TANKER *OLJAREN* HOLED FORWARD, BUMPING ON THE ROCKS AND NEARLY AWASH ON APRIL 12. On April 12 the 8337-ton Swedish tanker *Oljaren* went aground on the Pentland Skerries between the Orkneys and the mainland. The Longhope lifeboat took off twenty-four members of the crew, but the master and sixteen others refused to leave while there was any hope of salvaging the vessel.

MATTERS MARITIME, SCIENCE AND INVENTION, AND A CITY GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE.



THE SHIP BUILT IN TWO PIECES: A VIEW OF THE STERN HALF OF THE *RONDESJELL* AFTER IT HAD BEEN LAUNCHED ON THE RIVER WEAR.

On April 9 the stern half of a 23,000-ton tanker was launched from John Brown and Sons' shipyard on the River Wear, Sunderland, and will join the bows, due to be launched later this year, on the River Tyne. The completed vessel, *Rondesjell*, will then be handed over to an Oslo firm.



READY TO RECEIVE RADIO SIGNALS FROM OUTER SPACE: A PARABOLOID "UMBRELLA" ON THE TOP OF THE 200-FT.-HIGH SHOT TOWER.

There is to be no moon radar telescope on the top of the 200-ft. shot tower on the South Bank; instead, visitors will see radio "noises" or atmospherics from outer space on a television screen. Our photograph shows the apparatus in position.



AN AMERICAN ONE-MAN HELICOPTER: AN XA-6 PULSE-JET PROPELLED MACHINE TAKING OFF. THE AERODYNAMIC RUDDER IS USED FOR DIRECTIONAL CONTROL. The rotor of the American XA-6 single-seater pulse-jet propelled helicopter is driven by tip-installed pulse-jet engines and there is no rotor torque to be compensated. Directional control is achieved with the aerodynamic rudder shown in the photograph.



TO BE OPENED IN TIME FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: THE CITY'S GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE. Rapid progress is now being made on the Garden of Remembrance to the east of St. Paul's Cathedral. Bounded by St. Paul's Churchyard, Watling Street, Broad Street and Cannon Street, the Garden is to be opened in time for the Festival of Britain. It gives an uninterrupted view of the Cathedral from Cannon Street (on right).



GUTTED BY FIRE: THE SCANDINAVIAN-EAST AFRICAN LINE MOTOR-VESSEL *SLEMMESTAD*, WHICH CAUGHT FIRE AFTER AN EXPLOSION ON MARCH 27 OFF DAR ES SALAAM.

The Norwegian motor-vessel *Slemmestad*, 4296 tons, was completely wrecked on March 27, after she caught fire following an explosion in the engine-room. At the time, she was about ten miles out from Dar es Salaam, bound for Madagascar. The *Slemmestad* carried a complement of thirty-five people, all Norwegians. Two officers and an Able-Seaman were injured, the rest of the crew were rescued unhurt. Four seamen who escaped on a small raft were adrift for twenty-one hours before they were picked up by an Arab dhow.



STILL BURNING FORWARD: THE BATTERED BOWS OF THE NORWEGIAN MOTOR-VESSEL *SLEMMESTAD*, ABANDONED ON DAPHNE REEF, OFF DAR ES SALAAM. THE VESSEL BURNED FOR TEN DAYS.

AN ITALIAN HOLIDAY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN ROME.



VISITING THE ROME FOX-HUNT CLUB: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT SOME FOXHOUNDS, IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN 1949, IN THE KENNELS.



LEAVING THE QUIRINALE PALACE AFTER HAVING LUNCHEON WITH THE PRESIDENT AND DONNA IDA EINAUDI: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Rome on April 11. The Princess has arranged to stay until April 24, and the Duke until April 29. The Royal couple are the guests of the British Ambassador, Sir Victor Mallet, and Lady Mallet, and they are staying at the Embassy where they have a suite. On the day of their arrival they attended their only official function, when they had lunch at the Quirinale Palace, as guests of the President and Donna Ida Einaudi. On April 12 they visited the Borghese Gallery; received members of the Embassy staff; and attended a small private dance at the Embassy. On April 13 Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a private visit to the Pope and conversed with his Holiness in English for nearly half an hour. The Princess wore the long black dress and veil which is traditional for a Papal audience, and the Duke was in naval uniform. During their visit the Duke is taking part in a series of polo matches.



ESCORTED BY VATICAN OFFICIALS AND SWISS GUARDS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITING THE VATICAN, WHERE THEY HAD A PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE.



RECEIVING MEMBERS OF THE EMBASSY STAFF AND THE BRITISH COLONY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY WITH SIR VICTOR MALLET (RIGHT)



LISTENING TO THE BOYS SINGING: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE DON BOSCO BOYS' SETTLEMENT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME.

INTERNATIONAL SPORT; CEREMONIAL; AND INVENTION: THE WORLD TO-DAY.



(LEFT.) LAYING A WREATH ON THE SUDAN WAR MEMORIAL: SIR JAMES ROBERTSON AND THE SPEAKER OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

Sir Robert Howe unveiled the Sudan War Memorial to officers and other ranks, Sudan Defence Corps, on the anniversary of the Battle of Keren. Wreaths were laid on behalf of the military and of the civil population of the Sudan respectively by General Sir William Platt, victor of Keren, and by the Leader of the Assembly; and by Sir James Robertson, Civil Secretary, Sudan Government, and by the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

(RIGHT.) UNVEILED BY SIR ROBERT HOWE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN, ON MARCH 27: THE SUDAN WAR MEMORIAL, KHARTOUM.



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE CREW BEAT YALE UNIVERSITY ON THE HOUSATONIC RIVER ON APRIL 14: THE WINNING BOAT PASSING THE FINISHING LINE. The Cambridge University Boat Race crew, rowing in the same order as against Oxford, beat Yale University, over 1½ miles, by some four lengths, in 8 mins. 22½ secs. It was the first time that a representative English University crew had beaten an American rival on American water. After the race, Cambridge packed off their boat to Boston, where they arranged to race crews of Harvard, Boston University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology on April 19.



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The prototype Brockhouse Uniline Transport system to the designs of Mr. R. E. Hagley consists of a narrow track, a prime mover with a 90-b.h.p. Meadows Diesel engine, and load-carrying vehicles (with pneumatic tyres) guided by vertical rollers located on each side of a steel rail fixed to the track centre. It has been built and tested in this country.



WHERE RIOTING AND STRIKES BROUGHT THE WORLD'S GREATEST OIL REFINERY TO A STANDSTILL: ABADAN FROM THE AIR.

On April 12, the tension in South Persia over the question of oil nationalisation in that country developed into serious rioting at Abadan, the town which has grown up round the world's greatest refinery, and Bandar Mashur, the crude-oil loading port. At the latter a mob of about 2200 were met by security forces. After their refusal to disperse, firing broke out and there were a number of casualties. In the afternoon of the same day a crowd estimated at 4000 gathered outside the Technical Institute at Abadan. In a clash with security forces, nine Persians were killed and eleven wounded.

Rioting and demonstrations developed elsewhere in the town, in the course of which two British seamen were killed and six British adults and two children were injured, while a party of Europeans were extricated from a cinema by the military only with difficulty. During the next day or two Persian military forces made a more determined effort to maintain order, but picketing and intimidation had by April 15 brought the huge plant to a standstill, for the first time since 1917. A number of pictures of Abadan with a survey of its growth appeared in our issue of March 31.

"PARIS-LONDRES": THE FRENCH MANNER IN ENGLAND,
IMPRESSIONISM, ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE AND REALISM.



"ÉTUDE DE BAIGNEUSES," c. 1895: BY PAUL CÉZANNE (1839-1906). A SKETCH OF GREAT VIGOUR BY THE GREAT PAINTER OF LANDSCAPES, PORTRAITS, STILL-LIFES AND NUDES; AND FRIEND OF ZOLA. (8½ BY 12½ INS.)



"NUÉ ASSISE," 1910: BY EDOUARD VUILLARD (1869-1940). A WORK IN THE IMPRESSIONIST MANNER, REMARKABLE FOR THE EFFECT OF LIGHT. (29½ BY 21 INS.)



"NEIGE À LOUVECIENNES," 1872: BY ALFRED SISLEY (1839-1899), A PAINTER WHO DIED TOO SOON TO SEE THE SUCCESS OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS. (20 BY 29 INS.)



"LE RETOUR DES CHAMPS," 1861: BY JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND (1819-1891), WHO, THOUGH BORN IN HOLLAND, IS A PAINTER OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL. (9½ BY 12½ INS.)



"JEUNE FILLE AU FERROQUET," 1890: BY BERTHE MORISOT (1841-1895), A PUPIL OF COROT AND GUICHARD, AND SISTER-IN-LAW OF MANET. (24 BY 20 INS.)

Continued.

pastel is an extremely well-characterised child portrait, and the green plumage of the bird lends an attractive note of colour to the composition, otherwise rather low in tone. The artist, who exhibited regularly with the Impressionists, was the sister-in-law of Manet. "L'Avocat Général" is a characteristic painting

THE title of "Paris-Londres" has been chosen again this year by Messrs. Arthur Tooth for an exhibition of works recently acquired in France. The paintings on view include a vigorous sketch of nude figures by Paul Cézanne, a beautiful snow scene by Sisley, a rare and attractive painter, the friend of Monet, Bazille and Renoir, and a characteristic landscape by Jongkind. The Vuillard interior, with a seated nude, is remarkable for the beautiful, shimmering effect of light and the delicate colour; the Berthe Morisot

[Continued on left.]



"L'AVOCAT GÉNÉRAL," 1911: BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931), THE FRIEND OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC AND FOUNDER, WITH CARAN D'ACHE, OF THE JOURNAL "PSST" IN 1898. (26 BY 32 INS.)

by Forain, the friend of Toulouse-Lautrec, to whom he is very near in spirit, though on occasion his work approaches that of the illustrator. He was, with Caran d'Ache, the founder of the journal *Pssst*, in 1898.



"L'ABREUVOIR DE MONTFOUCAULT," 1875; BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1831-1903), WHO EXHIBITED AT THE SALON DES REFUSÉS AND WITH THE IMPRESSIONISTS. (29 BY 36½ INS.)

FRENCH 19TH-CENTURY PAINTINGS, INCLUDING A COURBET FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



"MONT SORACTE," 1826; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875), THE FAMOUS LANDSCAPE PAINTER OF THE BARBIZON SCHOOL. (10½ BY 15½ INS.)



"LES QUAIS DE LA SEINE AU PORT HENRI IV.," c. 1865; BY STANISLAS VICTOR EDOUARD LEPINE (1835-1892), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF COROT. (38 BY 48 INS.)



"LE PORT DU HAVRE," 1889; BY LOUIS EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898), FAMOUS FOR HIS SCENES OF THE CHANNEL AND OF THE NORTH SEA COASTS. (19½ BY 29 INS.)



"LE RUISSEAU DU PUIS NOIR," c. 1865; BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877). A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S MIDDLE PERIOD. (32½ BY 37½ INS.)



"POMMES ET GRENADE DANS UNE COUPE," 1871; BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), A PARTICULARLY FINE STILL-LIFE, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY FOR £3800. (17½ BY 24 INS.)

An interesting exhibition of pictures recently purchased in France opened under the title of "Paris-Londres" at the Bruton Street Galleries of Arthur Tooth and Sons on April 11, and will continue until May 11. The paintings on view include examples of the work of a number of important French nineteenth-century masters. Gustave Courbet is represented by two landscapes (one of which we reproduce), a figure study and by an impressive still-life of glowing deep-red apples and a pomegranate in a bowl beside a flagon. This

painting, which we illustrate, has just been purchased by the National Gallery for £3800. Courbet, who had a hard struggle in his youth, finally received some recognition owing to the efforts of the poet Baudelaire, the writers Champfleury and Prud'hon and other friends. After the Paris Commune he was accused of responsibility for the demolition of the Vendôme column and fled to Switzerland, where he died in exile. Stanislas Lepine, pupil of Corot and friend of Boudin and Jongkind and of the Impressionists, is represented by three landscapes. The painting by him which we reproduce is a view of Paris from the Seine looking towards the East end of Notre Dame.



THERE were two sorts of tulips decorating the dinner-table this evening—singularly beautiful varieties of this enchanting flower. Rather to my disappointment, I learnt that one was called "Hindenburg" and the other "Red Sensation," and I fell to wondering why it was that the modern growers of so wonderful a vegetable appeared to lack a certain sense of poetry. The Turks, in the eighteenth century, I thought, did better: "Beauty's Reward," for example; "Heart Reviver," "Fresh Breeze," or "Pink of Dawn." I like, too, the sustained eloquence of Van Oosten, who wrote this in his "Dutch Gardener" (1703)—he is speaking of tulips: "Certainly it is the sweetest life in the World, and a very pleasant entertainment to our thoughts, to employ them thus in the Contemplation of Flowers, with the wonderful Elaboration of Nature, and to consider the Power of its Maker. And this, without doubt would have been the contemplative Business of our first Father, if he had remained in the State of Innocency."

It so happens that a few months ago I was writing about the various kinds of inlay which were in fashion from time to time on English furniture, and mentioned the fact that the tulip became a popular design in the second half of the seventeenth century, occasionally on oak pieces

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TULIPS, TEETH AND OTHER THINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

in fine pieces of furniture in the late sixteenth century, I do not remember off-hand any example which can be confidently given so early a date on which the tulip appears as part of the design, and this in spite of the fact that the flower, according to the best authorities, reached England by 1578.

To illustrate this point, here in Fig. 2 is an elaborate and luxurious so-called court-cupboard of, I suppose, about the year 1600 or so. The arcaded panels of the two doors of the lower portion are inlaid with a design of flowers in vases—among them are corn-flowers, but no tulips. You will note that in each case—both court-cupboard and chest—the flowers are

easily confuse ebony and bog-oak, you might mistake boxwood for sycamore, and so on. Certain portions of the tulip design might possibly be ebony, but the general opinion inclines to bog-oak with various fruit woods for the lighter portions. Other materials (apart from wood) sometimes used for inlay were ivory or bone, but neither occurs in this piece.

This brings me to a very strange subject—indeed, one of the strangest of tables (Fig. 3). The photograph shows its details with considerable clarity, but I admit it is scarcely fair to ask readers to guess what is the material of the white surround of the drawer—some whitish wood? It is, in fact, inlaid with sections from horse molars—an unusual method of decoration, but by no means out of the ordinary run. I suppose I have come across about half-a-dozen similar examples. The trade has been known to refer to this inlay as "whale-teeth," which adds an ingeniously romantic touch. But this table is unusual for other reasons as well—the upper part is walnut, while the legs are of mahogany. The date is somewhere between 1725 and 1735. This is fixed fairly accurately by the fact that the mansion of Christchurch, its original home, where it is still to be seen, was purchased by Charles Fonnereau in 1732. It was probably one of several items made for him at the time, as there is a tallboy in the same style. Generally speaking, the marriage of the two woods is a rare occurrence, and your modern searcher among furniture shops, when faced by such a mixture, is liable to jump to the conclusion that the legs originally belonged to a mahogany table and that the marriage was celebrated by some later purveyor of curiosities.

It is as well to be reminded occasionally that eighteenth-century cabinet-makers did not always abide by the rules laid down by erudite twentieth-century connoisseurs, nor did they all wake up one morning and decide that the Age of Mahogany had dawned. In this piece the New Look is in process of becoming. Note, by the way, good crisp carving and no skimping—nor is there any concession to austerity by providing Mr. Fonnereau with two carefully carved front legs and then palming him off with a pair of plain straight legs at the back. As for inlay, it was by this time hopelessly out of fashion, and was not destined to return to favour until well into the second half of the eighteenth century. By then, much influenced by French practice, it took on



FIG. 1. INLAID WITH A FORMAL PATTERN OF TULIPS IN BOG-OAK AND FRUIT WOODS: AN OAK CHEST, C. 1670, TO BE SEEN IN CHRISTCHURCH MANSION, IPSWICH.



FIG. 2. WITH INLAY OF FLOWERS IN VASES IN THE ARCADED PANELS OF THE LOWER DOORS: A COURT-CUPBOARD, 1600-1620.

and sometimes, either with or without other flowers, on the walnut panels of long-case clocks. I looked about for a photograph, but failed to lay my hands on one. Then a reader in the West Country wrote me a letter describing an oak chest he owned on which there was a design of tulips, and he enclosed an amateur photograph which, I am sorry to say, will not bear reproduction. However, from his description, his oak chest was not unlike that shown in Fig. 1 here, which is to be seen at Christchurch Mansion, at Ipswich, and which, to my eyes, is a very pleasant example dating from about 1670. Now, although simple inlay of this general character was by no means uncommon

fun—at least, I think so—to try and guess what woods have been used for the inlay of a piece like the chest of Fig. 1. It goes without saying that it is impossible to tell from a photograph: diffident amateurs may be comforted a little if I remark that it is by no means easy for anyone who has not handled wood daily for many years. Could you, for example, positively give accurate answers if pieces of the following woods were placed on your table: applewood, ebony, bog-oak, sycamore, pearwood, cherry, laburnum, lignum vitae, boxwood, holly? All of them were in use for inlay in the seventeenth century. You would probably identify cherry without much difficulty, you could

treated not naturalistically but as part of a stylised design: the aim is to fill the space available to advantage, and not to worry overmuch about natural growth. Most of us find this formal treatment much to our taste, but it is only fair to remark that both in the seventeenth century, and late in the eighteenth, when flowered marquetry designs were once more the vogue, cabinet-makers succeeded in reproducing all kinds of flowers in various woods with something approaching photographic accuracy. There was a long-case clock in a recent sale in March, for example, every available surface of which—both on hood and on the front of the case—was covered with floral sprays—among them tulips—each flower treated singly, and the whole giving the impression that the maker was not in the least interested in the design, but was merely anxious to place a flower wherever a plain surface emerged. He was enthusiastic, but undisciplined.

It is always good



FIG. 3. MADE FOR CHARLES FONNEREAU, OF CHRISTCHURCH MANSION: A TABLE, C. 1725-35, THE TOP OF WALNUT, THE LEGS MAHOGANY, THE SURROUND OF THE DRAWER INLAID WITH SECTIONS OF HORSE MOLARS.

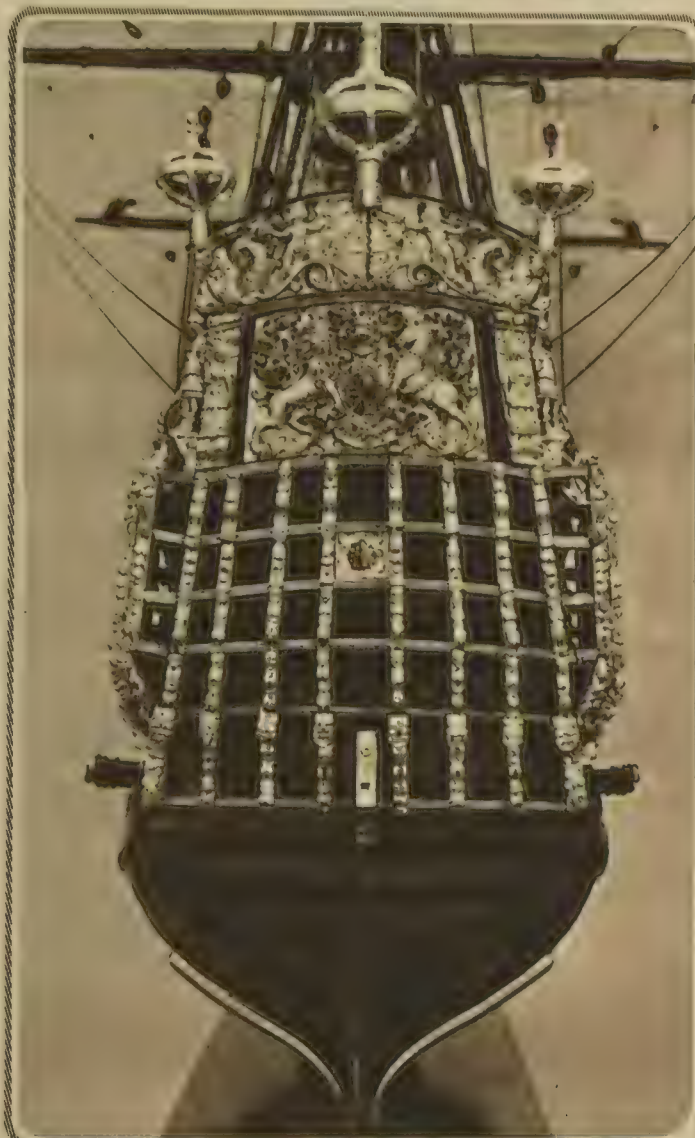
a different aspect and the later men produced some marvellously intricate designs, and after that experimented with painting. But that is another story.

None the less, most of us look back to the formal tulip design inlaid on the chest of Fig. 1 with peculiar pleasure—its rather laboured sophistication makes the far more competent craftsman of a century afterwards seem almost too skilful. But that, perhaps, is too personal and prejudiced an opinion: remember, "Hindenburg" and "Red Sensation" have to-day deprived me of the power to form a balanced judgment.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE ELDER BRETHREN OF THE CORPORATION OF TRINITY HOUSE: A FULL-SCALE REPRODUCTION OF THEIR ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE SHIP *LOYAL LONDON*.

"LOYAL LONDON" OF 1666: A MODERN COPY OF A CONTEMPORARY MODEL LOST WHEN TRINITY HOUSE WAS BLITZED.



A MODERN RECONSTRUCTION OF *LOYAL LONDON* BUILT BY MR. R. SPENCE AND MR. L. A. WILCOX: THE STERN, SHOWING THE GILDED DECORATION.

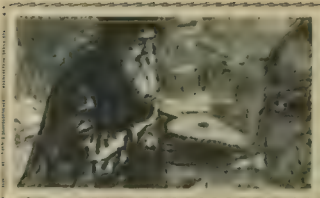


A REPRODUCTION OF A MODEL LOST WHEN TRINITY HOUSE WAS BLITZED IN 1940: *LOYAL LONDON*, A BROADSIDE VIEW. WHEN TRINITY HOUSE IS REBUILT THE MODEL WILL GO THERE, MEANWHILE IT IS ON EXHIBITION IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON.

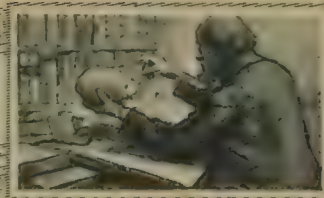
When Trinity House was burned as the result of enemy action on the memorable night of December 30-31, 1940, one of the largest of the Stuart period ship models, a contemporary model of *Loyal London* which was one of the Corporation's most treasured possessions, was completely destroyed. H.M.S. *Loyal London*, a gift from the City of London, was built by Captain John Taylor, and launched at Deptford in 1666; she took part in the Second Dutch War, and during the course of an action off Chatham was burned by the Dutch on June 13, 1667. Admiral Sir Jeremy Smyth, who had been captain of *Loyal London*, and was an

Elder Brother of Trinity House, asked Jonas Shish—a master shipwright at Deptford and in charge of the dockyard—to build a model of her for Trinity House. This model was acquired by Trinity House in 1673, and was treasured by the Corporation until its destruction in 1940. In 1943 a start was made by Mr. Robert Spence, an authority on ships of the Stuart period, and Mr. Leslie A. Wilcox on a model of *Loyal London* to replace the contemporary one. These two skilful men have now completed their task. The original model of *Loyal London* was to the scale of approximately 3 ft. to 1 in.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Director, Science Museum.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PIKAS: ACE MOUNTAINEERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IF by some chance the land masses of the world were to become submerged beneath the oceans, except for the mountain peaks, the only land animals—that is, mammals—to survive would be the pikas. This fanciful picture may seem extravagant, but it does underline the extraordinary position of one of the more unusual, and, at the same time, one of the least known, of the world's quadrupeds. There are many species of pika, but only one genus, *Ochotona*, and they are found high up in the mountains of Central Asia and in the Rocky Mountains of North America. The fact that there is only one genus recognised by those responsible for classifying animals may seem a small point, but it does emphasize how closely akin all pikas are, whether they live on Mount Everest or in the Rockies. To say that pikas are unfamiliar is perhaps to view the matter through European eyes, for if a multiplicity of names is a criterion they must obviously be familiar, or fairly familiar, to many people. This very multiplicity, too, reflects the odd mixture inherent in the animals themselves. To begin with, the word "pika" (or "peeka") is a Tungusic word, the Tungus being a people of the Ural-Altai region. Alternative names are mouse-hare, calling hare, whistling hare, Rocky Mountain cony, Rocky Mountain pika, rock-rabbit and Little Chief Hare. And each of these names reflects to a varying extent one of the outstanding features of the animals.

Pikas have stocky, rounded bodies, with short legs all the same length, and are tailless. Their general appearance is mouse-like, though their size is roughly that of a guinea-pig, and in structure and anatomy they are clearly closely related to hares and rabbits, in spite of the rounded ears and equal size of the legs. The soft short fur varies in colour with the habitat, from dark slate to dark brown in the humid upper valleys of the Himalayas to a pale sandy or ash colour in the dry, barren regions of Central Asia. Their call, mainly an alarm note, is a bleat or a whistle, uttered with a curious ventriloquial effect as they scamper for safety among the rocks and scree amid which they live, so that they are difficult to locate. They live mainly at high altitudes, feeding on the herbage by day and retiring into holes among the rocks at night. Their chief enemies are hawks and, at the lower limits of their range, weasels.

Up to this point, there is nothing strikingly peculiar about these animals. To get the full flavour of the story we have to start at the beginning and consider their relationships. Twenty years ago, pikas, together with their nearest relatives, the rabbits and the hares, would have been spoken of as rodents. In recent years, however, zoologists have decided, and justifiably so, that there is a fundamental difference between rodents—that is, rats, mice, porcupines, beavers and the like—and the pikas, hares and rabbits. The differences are sufficiently great that we recognise now two distinct orders, the Rodentia for the first group, and the Lagomorpha for the second group. The acceptance of this grouping gives us a much simpler picture to examine. The situation is, then, that in the order Lagomorpha we have a large number of species of hares and rabbits, the specialised members of the order, occupying the lowlands and, in some cases, extending up the mountains, and a comparatively few species of pikas,

the more primitive members of the order, that have retreated to the upper slopes of the high mountains. In the Rockies pikas are found mainly between 8000 and 13,500 ft., and in the Himalayas they go up to over 17,000 ft.

It is always somewhat dangerous to speak of one species being specialised and another being

unspecialised, or primitive. For one thing, there are many examples known where all the evidence suggests that the apparent lack of specialisation is, in fact, a secondary simplification. In such cases, those organisms that appear to be primitive are, in fact, specialised but secondarily simplified. Having admitted this qualification, we can indulge in a little speculation.

It would be quite in keeping with our normal ideas to suppose that the ancestral form from which all hares and rabbits sprang was a round-bodied animal with small ears, legs of approximately equal length and, probably, a long tail. Such an animal would draw upon itself the covetous eyes of many carnivores. In a world beset by dangers of this sort, the development of long hind-legs, giving increased speed in escape, would have obvious advantages. The acquisition of longer and longer ears would, too, give added advantages in hearing the approach of enemies at greater and greater distances. The reduction in length of the tail, while it may not give positive advantages, at least would not have disadvantages. Now, as the generations of lagomorphs (rabbits and hares) followed in rapid succession, those having the longer legs and longer ears could still live on the plains or the low hills and retain a reasonable chance of survival amid a wide variety of predators. Those groups retaining the short legs and ears would be killed off—unless they retired to the very high ground, say, the mountain-tops, where the predators become few in numbers.

In this speculation no attempt is being made to decide the method by which such

evolution may have been brought about. It is merely aimed at drawing a simple picture, perhaps in some ways too simple, of what could have taken place. It so happens, however, that the picture begins to assume a certain amount of agreement with the facts. If, for example, we accepted pikas as the living animal most nearly representing the ancestral stock of rabbits and hares, and there is good reason for doing this, then they are living precisely where we should expect them to live. The very distribution of these animals adds weight to the argument. There is, for example, solid evidence for tracing the original home of all rodents to Asia, and probably south-east Asia, and for believing that the paths of their spread radiated from thence. In such a case, it is not improbable that their near relatives, the lagomorphs, had a similar place of origin. Granted that a former land-bridge existed across the Bering Straits, and the mountains of Central Asia and the Rockies are the very mountains where we should expect the ancestral lagomorphs to have taken refuge.

Whether this be so or not, we are on more solid ground in asserting that the pikas have taken well to their mountain homes. Their small size enables them to take advantage of crevices and holes in the rocks, and the hairy soles to their feet give them a good grip, to move quickly over smooth rock surfaces or loose scree. They have, too, taken with them a general hardiness to climatic rigours, for although living high up in the mountains they do not hibernate. Instead, they have the quite extraordinary habit, literally, of making hay while the sun shines. During the summer they not only feed on the scant herbage, but they bite off more than they can eat, leave the surplus to dry in the sun, and store the hay in large quantities for winter feed under the shelter of overhanging rocks.



THREE SPECIES OF PIKA: (FROM L. TO R.) *OGHOTONA SAXATILIS*, FOUND BETWEEN 9000 AND 13,500 FT. IN THE COLORADO ROCKIES; *OGHOTONA ROYLEI*, FOUND FROM 11,000 TO 12,000 FT. IN YUNNAN; AND *OGHOTONA WOLLASTONI*, FOUND ABOVE 17,500 FT. ON MOUNT EVEREST.

These stuffed museum skins of three species of pika show, allowing for slight distortions in shape due to unevenness in the preparation of the skins and for slight differences in colour of the pelage, that there is very little difference between the various species. [Photograph by Neave Parker.]



HAVING THE EXTERNAL APPEARANCE OF A MOUSE, THOUGH ITS AFFINITIES, BASED ON ITS ANATOMY, ARE WITH THE RABBITS AND HARES: A PIKA (*OGHOTONA PRINCEPS*) OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, WITH A BUNCH OF ITS FAVOURITE LEAVES, RASPBERRY AND WILLOW HERB.

Photograph by Polar Photos.

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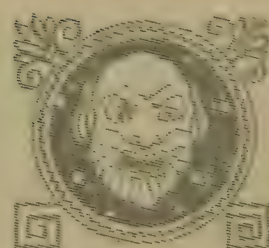


BROCK IN THE DOCK: THE CASE FOR THE OMNIVOROUS BADGER.

The case for and against the badger has been argued so often that it comes as a surprise to learn that some poultry farmers are still prepared to wage war on the animal. It is, of course, easy to be complacent where the loss of one's own property is not in question, and it can be readily appreciated that a poultry-keeper is more concerned with the conservation of his stock than of wild life if the interests of the two conflict. Nevertheless, the case for badgers seems clear-cut, that while in rare cases it cannot be disproved that they have taken poultry, in the overwhelming majority of instances fully investigated the culprit

has proved to be another, usually a fox. Badgers eat where they kill, or at most resort to the nearest open ground, whereas foxes, which often share an earth with badgers, take their kill away and consume it on their own doorstep, so to speak. In addition, where poultry are kept enclosed, there should be no doubt, for a fox can jump a fence and a badger cannot. If it be the case that on very rare occasions poultry have suffered, it yet remains that a badger's diet includes roots, berries, slugs, insects (including wasps) and, more important, young rabbits, mice and rats. The credit side of the badger's account is surely heavily weighted.

Drawn by Eric Manning with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



The World of the Cinema.

ANOTHER MILESTONE.

By ALAN DENT.

A FEW weeks ago that splendid director, Lewis Milestone, gave us a film called "A Walk in the Sun," which dealt with war—the American landing at Anzio—in a way markedly less pacifist than the same director's famous film of "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which, of course, dealt with the first world-wide holocaust. "A Walk in the Sun" was a remarkable film to which I took considerable theoretic objection. I am still haunted by the face of Dana Andrews, an intelligent face on which was written a brave and bitter resignation among all the carnage in which he had to join. And I am still haunted by the figure of Richard Conte, a

surely, is fundamental. The aim may be held in question, even though the achievement is beyond all question. But it is a sound rule of criticism that the aim should be the first aspect to be considered by the critical-minded commentator, whether he be applying his mind to a portrait by Ingres, a play by Strindberg, a novel by Sinclair Lewis, a string-quartet by Béla Bartók, a poem by Aragon, a pot by Picasso, or just a film about war-waging by Lewis Milestone.

The new one shows us a group of the United States Marine Corps—under the leadership of a lieutenant (expressively played by Richard Widmark)—attempting to storm a large island which is infested with Japanese snipers. The film has been made in notably improved Technicolor, and we are not spared any of the horrors of latter-day warfare. The colour-experts, for example, have positively gloated on the far-reaching scarlet tongues of the latest thing in flame-throwers. (How my whole soul rebels at these atrocities even as I try to write lightly about them!) As in "A Walk in the Sun," there is no romance or "love-interest" whatsoever. But there is a notable amount of examination into nervous conditions. The lieutenant, for example, has come to rely on a stimulating drug which the doc. will only supply in small doses. "Its effect is anyhow only temporary," says the doc. "My life is only temporary," replies the lieutenant. Another young soldier goes berserk when he has to deal

since 1935, but he remains as English as Wimbledon, where he was born thirty-two years before that. His part is ably and tellingly written, and its delivery could only be justly called caricature if it had been played by an American actor impersonating an Englishman. There we should have had something to quarrel about!

This sergeant speaks Japanese and claims—quite without dogmatism or arrogance—to understand that race's mentality better than his American friends do. Take one isolated but significant incident. A surly prisoner who refuses to speak at all is given a cigarette by the English sergeant. An American officer, with an oath, snatches the cigarette and throws it to the ground before it has even been lighted. The Englishman remarks with extreme mildness: "Not the way! Always treat a human being like a human being—you'll be surprised what happens!" The same critics who have found this sergeant grotesque have found the Americans excessively sentimental. In this instance, as in several others, the boot seems to me to be beyond argument on the other foot. The difference between American and British Servicemen does not seem to me to be a fundamental difference at all. Both feel the miseries of modern war—what reasonable human being could fail to feel them? The



"THERE IS NO ROMANCE OR 'LOVE-INTEREST' WHATSOEVER. BUT THERE IS A NOTABLE AMOUNT OF EXAMINATION INTO NERVOUS CONDITIONS": "HALLS OF MONTEZUMA," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH CORPORAL CONROY (RICHARD HYLTON), WHO HAS BEEN SHOT, TRIES TO CRAWL BACK TO THE REST OF THE PATROL.

less intelligent figure, as he walked warily and yet jauntily to meet the enemy's machine-guns. On his face was the smirk of the unthinking man, the man who is—as they say—"trigger-happy," who deals out death and has learned, in a dreadful way, to enjoy doing so. It was the film's general mood of acceptance to which one took exception—its assumption that warfare is an inevitable rather than an endurable, or barely endurable, way of settling international differences.

This film was made some five or six years ago, and it is only by chance that we came to see it at all in Europe. But now comes the same director's quite recent film, "Halls of Montezuma," and we note with relief that the tendency is now backwards in the direction of the mood of "All Quiet." It is only a tendency, not a drive. But the signs are healthy, and we are no longer shocked by Milestone's acceptance of the horrors and disasters of warfare that have nowadays transcended even Goya's pictorial imaginings. His implication—to use no stronger word—is that there is a distinct futility in aggression. Twice at least in "Halls of Montezuma" the direct and simple question, "What for?" is posed, and on both occasions the answer is a complete silence interrupted by another growl of gun-fire not very far away.

Someone wrote a letter to me the other day, mildly reproaching me for putting my "own interpretation" on "A Walk in the Sun" and for not giving "a fair deal" to its magnificent craftsmanship. But my own interpretation—and what else can a critic be expected to give?—was shared with many of my best-reputed colleagues, and it is significant that I find *The Times* saying of this latest Milestone film: "In what philosophising on the subject of war the film allows itself, it stands nearer to the professed pacifism of 'All Quiet on the Western Front' than to the fatalistic acceptance of the evil that was characteristic of 'A Walk in the Sun.'" In the matter of praising that or any other film's craftsmanship, I suggest—with no very pronounced diffidence—that the Why of an achievement in any field of art comes before the How. That fact,

with Japanese prisoners, the reason given for his frenzy being that his own sister of her own free choice had gone and married a Jap in Honolulu. Much of this aspect of the film is strained and weak. And the characterisation as a whole is nothing like so incisive as in "A Walk in the Sun," not to mention the first of Milestone's masterpieces. The conclusion, in fact, in which the lieutenant, in an access of grief over dead comrades, grinds his bottle of drug-pellets under the heel of his gun, is downright feeble and really no end at all. There may possibly here be a subtle implication that war can have no end at all. But I doubt it.

One or two responsible critics have objected that an English sergeant who turns up on the island is a grotesque caricature. He seems to my senses as English as you make them—or, rather, as English as that capital comedian, Reginald Gardiner, can make him. Mr. Gardiner has been working in Hollywood



"MADE IN NOTABLY IMPROVED TECHNICOLOR, AND WE ARE NOT SPARED ANY OF THE HORRORS OF LATTER-DAY WARFARE": "HALLS OF MONTEZUMA" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH ONE OF THE JAPANESE PRISONERS FURTIVELY TAKES THE KNIFE FROM SGT. JOHNSON'S (REGINALD GARDINER) HIP POCKET.



A NEW FILM DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE WHICH "STRESSES THE FUTILITY OF FIGHTING": "HALLS OF MONTEZUMA," WHICH SHOWS A GROUP OF U.S. MARINES ATTEMPTING TO STORM A LARGE ISLAND INFESTED WITH JAPANESE SNIPERS; OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS LIEUT. ANDERSON (RICHARD WIDMARK—LEFT) CONFERRING WITH COL. GILFILLAN (RICHARD BOONE), SGT. JOHNSON (REGINALD GARDINER) AND TWO OTHER MEN ABOUT THE NECESSITY OF DISCOVERING THE LOCATION OF A ROCKET-LAUNCHING SITE.

superficial difference is that the American tends to be more outspoken in his emotion (unless, as is possible, it is only the American with Latin origins who does so), whereas the Englishman conceals all he feels, or most of what he feels, behind the traditional English reserve and that famous Stiff Upper Lip that never, never—or hardly ever—betrays a single quiver. One speaks here, of course, with the detached observation of the Scot—of one whose nation is so emotional at heart that not only the upper lip but the entire features of the face are stiff with the determination to appear quite the reverse!

The truth about the three Milestone war-films, as I look on them, is that the first unforgettable masterpiece displayed war-making as a totally unnecessary evil. The second, which is admittedly not easy to forget, had an alarming undercurrent to the effect that war, however futile we may think it in theory, is a necessary evil in practice. The new film, which is well enough done for us to remember it for a long time yet, stresses the futility of fighting and at least adumbrates the faint possibility that one day that strange, cool, half-forgotten thing called world-peace may once again, in our time, descend upon us all.

OF ROYAL ARTISTRY, OR ROYAL ASSOCIATIONS: ITEMS FROM THE NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION.



FALCONER'S ACCOUTREMENTS WHICH BELONGED TO JAMES I. OF ENGLAND: AMONG THE EXHIBITS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE. (From the Burrell Collection, Corporation of Glasgow.)



AN EMBROIDERED COAT, CAP AND SLIPPERS WHICH BELONGED TO CHARLES II. AND WHICH DATE FROM 1670: AND A MAGNIFICENT CASKET OF ELABORATE STUART STUMP-WORK. (All from the Burrell Collection, Corporation of Glasgow.)



QUEEN MARY AT THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK'S EXHIBITION, ADMIRING AN UPPER FRONTAL OF WHITE SILK, WORKED BY THE SCHOOL. (Lent by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.)



ROYAL ARTISTRY IN NEEDLEWORK: THE TWO CARPETS, THE SCREEN AND THE UPRIGHT CHAIR ARE ALL BY QUEEN MARY; WHILE THE ARMED CHAIR IS BY PRINCESS ALICE. THE SMALLER CARPET HAS BEEN LENT BY H.M. THE QUEEN.



THE ROYAL COAT-OF-ARMS, IN THE FORM OF A CHAN-CELLOR'S PURSE, IN STUMP-WORK IN HEAVY RELIEF. (From the Burrell Collection, Corporation of Glasgow.)



THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO SOLOMON: WOOL EMBROIDERY IN TENT STITCH ON CANVAS: A VALANCE IN THREE LENGTHS. (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel J. N. Horlick.)



TRADITIONALLY GIVEN BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR TO THE FITZWILLIAM FAMILY: A MILITARY SCARF IN WHITE SILK GAUZE. (Lent by Captain W. J. G. Wentworth-Fitzwilliam.)

On April 12 her Majesty Queen Mary opened at St. James's Palace an exhibition of beautiful needlework of many centuries which has been organised by the Royal School of Needlework. Among the exhibits are a number worked by Queen Mary herself, including the magnificent carpet in grospoint which toured the United States and Canada. Many of the exhibits have royal associations and these include: a vanity bag reputed to have been made by Mary Queen of Scots; a

coat, cap and slippers which belonged to Charles II.; falconer's accoutrements which belonged to James I.; and a military scarf of white silk gauze, with inwoven stripes of coloured silk and silver-gilt thread, which, traditionally, was given by William the Conqueror to that ancestor of the Fitzwilliam family who was the Marshal of his army at Hastings. This scarf is still used at the christening of males of the family. The exhibition remains open until May 15.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

UNFORTUNATELY for reviewers, what the jacket says is not evidence. One can't employ it as an aid to judgment, nor as a means of skipping, since the facts may be wrong—the author of the blurb may have been skipping in the first place. And yet I should be sorry if there were no blurb. It tends to start one off, and to suggest a line; and on occasion it is highly quotable. For instance: we are told that "Night Journey," by Albert J. Guerard (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), "strikes a note of special relevance to contemporary society": further, that it has been compared with "1984"; and to conclude, that its "appreciation of the moral intricacies" has been styled Conradian. Add on the author's war experience, as a technical sergeant in the Psychological Warfare Division, and the fact that he is now associate professor of English at Harvard University—and I almost feel you have the whole book. Two final points may be suggested: the "Conradian" element is very strongly post-Freud, and for "Night Journey" one must read "Voyage au bout de la nuit."

Here we have another modern Utopia. This is a kind of half-way house—the world of "1984," but not so far gone. War has grown semi-permanent in Europe, but is still assumed to be about something. It has "cold" intervals, at least in theory, but propaganda never lets up. For years Paul Haldan has been writing it—producing leaflets, studying directives and reports from the underground, in military isolation on a Surrey farm in a perpetual fog. And all these years he has been full of guilt: guilt for the nameless country of his childhood, which is now occupied. Although a sergeant in Intelligence, he doesn't know there is a war on; both sides deny it at the moment. But it can't be long now, and Paul believes in it as a crusade.

Then, to his infinite delight, he is transferred to Europe. And gets a horrid shock—for the directives were all lies. The non-existent war is old, the tanks are rusting, and the human scene is worse still. The troops don't care, the "liberated" can't believe. Nobody seems to care except Montalva, the civilian agent, with his icy drive and his unbending scorn; and Paul clamps on to him in desperation. Then, on one glorious and frightful day, his mentor seems to have betrayed everyone; and Paul turns tail and leaves him to the slaughter.

In "1984," the human element had little value; it was the lucid reasoning that mattered. Here it is the other way round; the narrative is dense and gripping, but the air is thick. There are two subjects, which refuse to blend. The war and its appalling question-marks are not illumined by the case-history—or if they are, I couldn't see it. But the questions ring grimly true. No incident could be more ghastly than the "liberation" of Moratan; and what is worst, it savours of reality.

The charm of "Dance and Skylark," by John Moore (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is its refreshing ignorance of what the age needs—unless we think that fun and beauty are still "relevant." This country comedy has nothing else. It is the month of May; a local festival is hatching, and the local blades—poetic, amorous, Elizabethan—are writing verses, or designing costumes, or pursuing Beauty Queens, without the faintest consciousness of doom. True, there is some anxiety in other breasts. Stephen is getting up the pageant, and expects obloquy; and John's small factory, which makes balloons, is on the brink of failure. So he has borrowed money which was really not his father's to lend, and now that good old Methody, in shame and terror, is revolving suicide. But it is all a joke; hurricane, flood and Communist dissent are part of the divine spree. And for the last act, on Stephen's frantic invitation and appeal, a god descends, and turns the pageant to a thing of glory. That is not all; the story has no drive, but many facets. And in its leisured, amiable winding there are moments of intense glee, pages that send one into fits of laughter.

"The Second Mrs. Conford," by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is in the manner of a bygone day: spacious, domestic, moral. Its prologue is a London air raid. Among the victims is an old Miss Barton, an eccentric solitary; time out of mind, she has been living in this dingy neighbourhood and trying to do good. But with her last breath, she gives herself another name; and from her handbag it appears that she was married once. She had a family, but they deserted her—and when the first war ended, they were all dead.

Then comes the answer to the riddle. Lucia Frensham, as a girl, has looks and brains, a grievance and a cold heart. She has been cheated out of luxury and Girton by a spendthrift father, whom she can't forgive; and, with a paltry London degree, she has to earn her bread. Which is not fair—and so she marries coldly, for position. She dotes upon her Cornish home, admires her husband, and is blameless for fifteen years. But then her selfish citadel is threatened; and she can't resist a foul blow. And after all there was no need. The threat had passed, and her retaliation has destroyed everything.

To call this an exciting novel would be too much. But the suspense is evenly maintained; the women characters are excellent, and Lucia, who has been very tiresome as a perfect wife, excites real pity as a criminal. Alas, her penitence and change of heart are not shown.

"Nightmare in Manhattan," by Thomas Walsh (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), is eminently filmable, and very thrilling. Almost throughout, the scene is a colossal railway terminus. Tony, a little boy of six, has just been kidnapped, and the thugs are known by sight; his father's secretary runs across them, and reports them almost by accident. But then she doesn't know about their crime. So they are still at large, and at a hint of danger they will kill the boy. The ransom is to be collected in Manhattan Depot, with its milling crowds; and swarms of police are on the watch. . . . A book to read at one gulp; yet fairly merciful, for one can see it will be all right.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THOUGH the World Championship match now in progress in Moscow loses a little of its international interest from the fact that both contestants are Russians, there can be no question that the two strongest players in the world are engaged.

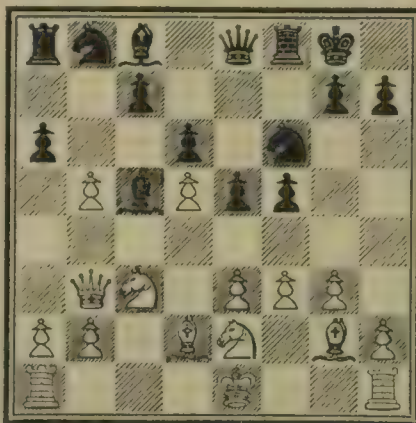
Forty-year-old Michael Moisiyevitch Botvinnik firmly established his reputation in England in 1936 when he finished equal with Capablanca in a tournament which included three other world champions or ex-world champions (Alekhine, Euwe and Lasker) and such front-rank masters as Bogolyubov, Fine, Reshevsky, Vidmar, Flohr and Tartakover.

David Bronstein, thirteen years his junior, though much less well-known, has deeply impressed by his performances in the last three years.

At the Swedish resort Saltsjöbaden in 1948, he finished first in a tournament in which practically all the most ambitious and gifted of the younger masters took part: Szabo of Hungary, Najdorf of the Argentine, Boleslavsky, Flohr and Lilienthal of the U.S.S.R., Stahlberg of Sweden, Pirc, Gligoric and Trifunovic of Yugoslavia, Yanofsky of Canada, Steiner of Australia, and eight others hardly less strong. Two rounds before the end, his victory was hardly expected, but a lapse by Szabo and two brilliant wins at the end of nineteen gruelling rounds brought him the palm.

A year later in an even stronger, if more select, event he finished no less arrestingly. Keres and Smyslov, unsuccessful in the 1948 World Championship match tournament, joined the six players from Saltsjöbaden first-named above in a double-round tournament at Budapest, the winner of which was to meet Botvinnik in a match for the world crown. Boleslavsky unexpectedly made all the running and led throughout. With two rounds to go, Bronstein was a full point behind him, with Stahlberg and Keres to play! He beat both, whilst Boleslavsky only drew, so caught up in the last hours of the tournament. In a play-off match to resolve the tie, Boleslavsky gave him no easy passage, but once again Bronstein won on the last game. He had richly merited the right to challenge the champion.

But what draws! See this position from the ninth game:



Bronstein (Black, to move) suddenly realises he is going to get little in return for the pawn he has just let go. He tries:

13. B-Q2 14. Kt-R4 B-R2
14. . . . B×KtP; 15. Kt×B, P×Kt; 16. P-Q6
dis ch would not be agreeable.

15. P-Kt6! B×Kt! 17. P×R(Q) B-Kt3
16. P-Kt7 B×P 18. P×B Q-Kt4

Rather than tamely give up a pawn on move fifteen by . . . P×P, Bronstein plunges into a maze of complications. He finishes a clear piece down but the threat to trap White's queen nets him two pawns:

19. Kt-B3 Q×P 21. Q×Kt Kt×P
20. R×P Kt×R

and making brilliant use of his steamroller of pawns in the middle, Bronstein secured the draw on move 42.

Two brief mentions: Yet another valuable book from the Alan Houghton Brodrick stable in the "People's France" Series, "Brittany" (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). I am almost tired of praising Mr. Brodrick's travel books, and resent slightly the fact that he calls forth in me an uncritical appreciation. All I can say is, read it.

Although as a Celtic Irishman I tend to believe in the Dubliner's remark when asked what his family consisted of: "I have two sons—one livin' and one in Belfast," there is no doubt that in spite of the odd mixture and origins of the races concerned, modern Ulster has a definite claim to be part of authentic Ireland. If you doubt this, read "The Arts in Ulster" (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). This valuable symposium is edited by Sam Hanna Bell and others, and will go far to correct the casual visitor to Belfast's view of Ulster as the home of a vigorous, industrious and fundamental philistinism.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE ARCH-PRIEST OF NIHILISM.

IN 1847, at a village a hundred miles north-east of Moscow, there was born a monster. He was not distorted—except in his mind—and yet his influence for evil has been perhaps greater than that of any human being within the last hundred years. For, from the mind of the monster—his name was Sergei Nechayev—there sprang the doctrines which profoundly influenced, not merely Lenin and Stalin, but also Hitler and Goebbels. Sergei Nechayev was the arch-priest of Nihilism, of the utterly destructive creed which has plunged vast areas of the world into misery, cost countless lives, and in its malignancy has led many sober observers to compare it with the coming of anti-Christ. Recently I drew attention to a brilliant and disturbing book by Alexander Clifford, "Enter Citizens." "Zero: the Story of Terrorism," by Robert Payne (Wingate; 12s. 6d.), can well be read as a companion to it. Indeed, it should be read first, for many of the conclusions to which Mr. Clifford comes are illuminated by Mr. Payne's descriptions of the Nechayev monster and the growth of terrorism as part and parcel of our daily lives in the modern world. Nechayev's career as a terrorist was short-lived, but in that time he profoundly influenced his contemporary revolutionaries, notably the elderly aristocrat Bakunin, and his "Revolutionary Catechism" became the blue-print for the "revolutions of destruction" of Hitler and Lenin. While Marx, and indeed, later, Bakunin, profoundly distrusted him, there is no doubt that his contemporaries were influenced in spite of themselves, and that the whole State theory of terrorism was merely a drawing-room version of Nechayev's purely destructive creed.

Dostoyevsky, who understood the Nihilists better almost than they did themselves, makes the vindictive poet Pyotr Verkhovensky suggest the methods by which the "revolution of destruction" will be brought about. "Our party does not consist only of those who commit murder and arson. . . . Ha, ha! Listen. I've reckoned them all up; a teacher who laughs with children at their God and at their cradle is on our side. The lawyer who defends an educated murderer because he is more cultured than his victims and could not help murdering them to get money is one of us. The school-boy who murders a peasant for the sake of the sensation is one of us. The jurists who acquit every criminal are ours. The prosecutor who trembles at a trial for fear he should not seem advanced enough is ours, ours. Among officials and literary men we have lots, lots, and they don't know it themselves. . . . Are the parallels with our own day fairly exact? Mr. Payne's conclusions are not really more comforting than those of Mr. Clifford. This book is as important as it is disturbing.

Mr. Graham Greene, unlike Mr. Payne (who is an American and, by internal evidence, a good Protestant), is a somewhat unusual Roman Catholic. Indeed, the universality of that Church, to which I do not belong, could not be better proved than by its inclusion of such highly intelligent and theologically near-eccentric characters as Mr. Greene and Mr. Evelyn Waugh. His last collection of essays, "The Lost Childhood" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), is a most interesting introduction to a most interesting character. I have read it from cover to cover with the greatest pleasure. There are some delightful pen-pictures—notably the most malicious one, which deals with the most "pixie" and garden-conscious of our pre-war popular writers. There is the extraordinary insight of his essay on the late Eric Gill, the amusing article on Miss Beatrix Potter, which aroused that admirable writer for children of all ages to the comment that she deprecated sharply "the Freudian School" of criticism; and there is a most curious little self-revealing piece entitled "The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard." Perhaps the best essays in the book are those which deal with Henry James, though here I must register a criticism which can commonly be applied to the whole of this excellent book, a collection of essays written at any time within the last twenty years should surely be edited before publication? There is no indication as to date (though many of them are dated), and in the Henry James essays, so admirable in themselves, this lack of editing becomes most painfully obvious. Nevertheless, let me not deter you from reading this interesting, exasperating and charming book by one of our leading authors.

For a pleasantly escapist book (and I write at a time when the unrelenting rain still pours down), I recommend "Seaside England," by Ruth Manning-Saunders (Batsford; 15s.). Sea-bathing is now such a completely accepted activity of the "classes and masses" that it is difficult to envisage a time when it was an exciting novelty. This delightful book carries one back to the days of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, from the enthusiasm of the Prince Regent and the ruthlessness of the Brighton "dippers" to the "Bikini" two-piece swim-suits of to-day. For anyone who is a student of social change, this is a valuable book; for the amused student of the human scene a delightful one.



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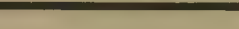
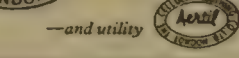
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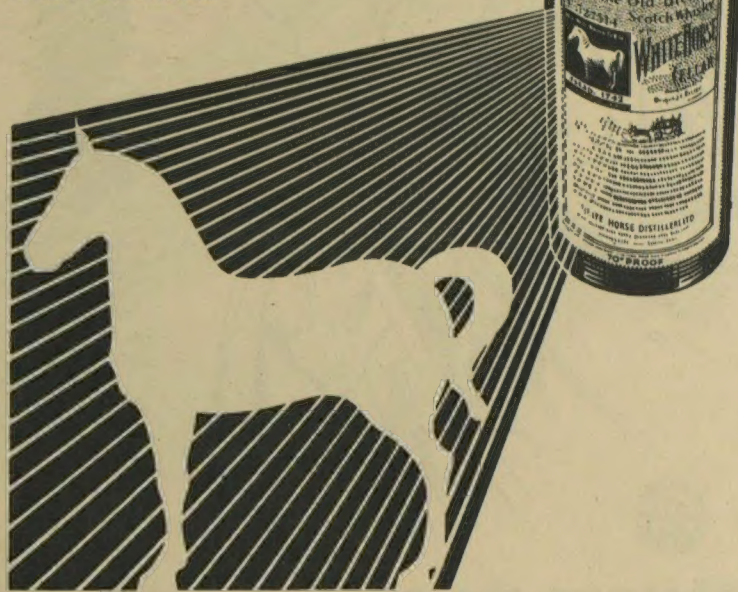
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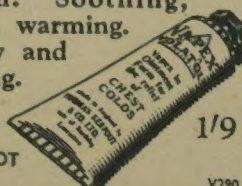
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